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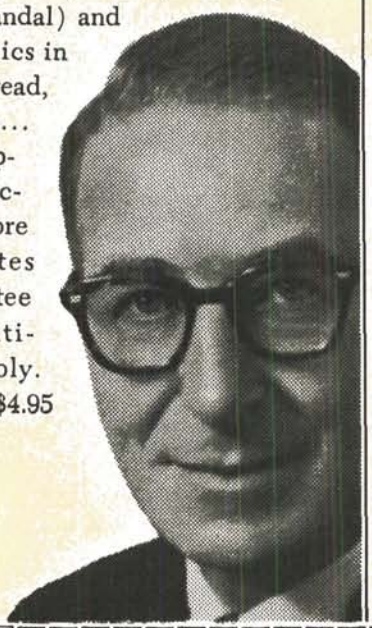

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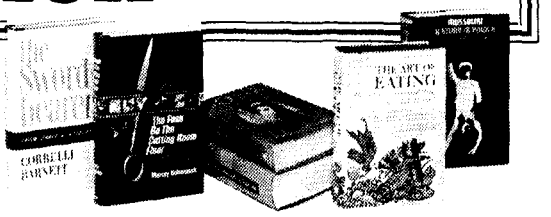

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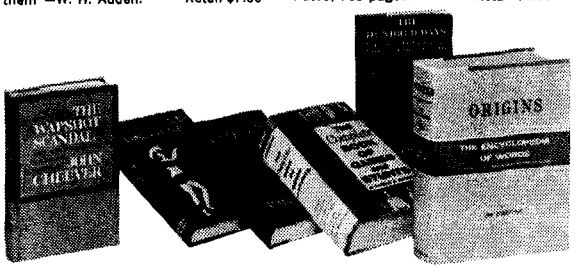

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T.R.B. from Washington

Bay of Pigs?

★ We are against the escalation of the war in Asia. Others in this magazine are discussing it. Let it be simply said that to TRB the Vietnam mess looks like the Bay of Pigs – squared. . . .

• • •

★ When world banking comes to gold it glances off into shimmering magic and make-believe. It's a mixture of tough-minded profit motive and Midsummer Night's Dream.

The medium for settling what Country "A" owes Country "B" used to be gold. But there isn't enough gold. Gold can't be mined fast enough. International trade is expanding much faster than newly-mined gold. So make-believe is brought in.

Dollars are convertible into gold ($35 an ounce), so foreign countries put *dollars* into their vaults and call it "gold." To a lesser degree, pounds sterling are used too. The old system, that used gold alone, collapsed disastrously in the 1930's. The new system mixes paper reserves with gold reserves, and the proportion of paper (*i.e.*, dollars) has steadily increased. This is fine, so long as bankers have faith in their magic. Everyone has to pretend that paper and gold are the same thing.

The deficit of newly-mined world gold has been supplemented in another way. The US has been gradually distributing its huge war stock of reserve gold to other countries to make up for its unfavorable international balances. (An "unfavorable" balance to one country, of course, is a "favorable" one to somebody else.) The US has lost gold, and the world has benefited. It was inevitable that in time this distribution would end. Now it is ending. President Johnson has intervened.

Most US editorials are concerned with the American angle: how to end our unfavorable balance. But ending our problem puts the monkey on somebody else's back. The President notes this: "As we eliminate that flow [of US-deficit dollars into foreign central banks], a shortage of reserves [for the world] could emerge." What we have to do, he says, is "to create new reserve assets."

What we have to do, in fact, is to create a new international currency system. Most laymen don't know it, but central bankers have been studying this for years. Nearly everybody agrees that sooner or later the International Monetary Fund must be transformed into an international central bank, issuing, and policing, a new international currency. Bankers have been saying "20 years." It seems a lot closer. The new currency can be connected with gold or not, depending on how much magic the bankers think necessary.

In the old days there used to be "runs" on individual American banks, until the Federal Reserve System was created and ended all that. The time has come to establish a world banking system to end "runs" on reserve currencies. A good book that tells about it is *Gold and the Dollar Crisis*, Robert Triffin (paperback, Yale University Press, 1961; $1.45).

Who Should Enter?

★ We try not to be prejudiced against the Administration's liberalized immigration law. But a lot of arguments for it leave us cold. The bill would let more people in at a time when millions are already unemployed. It is argued that many of the new immigrants would be trained specialists. Fine; but we must be careful not to suck in the doctors and engineers that underdeveloped countries need at home. (We know of cases where foreigners who were supposed to aid their own countries received scholarships and managed to return here.)

Senator Javits (R, NY), a man we admire, called the present "national origins" system a "spitewall" of "racial discrimination." Attorney General Katzenbach uses the same language.

But are we not going to practice "discrimination" in any case? Nobody favors unlimited immigration! The question is, whom will we discriminate against? Some people argue that we have an "obligation" to relieve the congestion of crowded foreign countries. Do we? Unless they apply birth control at home it will be like trying to empty the Atlantic with a spoon.

Then there is the argument of not separating families. This may have validity, but many immigrants have scores of relatives at home; we must draw the line somewhere. And why should America feel guilty about settling down for a century, and trying to digest the races we already have?

College Athletes

★ We can't wait to see *John Goldfarb, Please Come Home* – the multi-million dollar film romp by 20th Century-Fox, in which Notre Dame's celebrated football team is the protagonist. Even if our suspicion is correct that the picture really isn't as funny as all that, we shall enjoy its lampoon of athletic scholarships and college professionalism, because the Notre Dame authorities tried to stop it by court action. They seem to be a heavy-handed crowd, and argued that the film company had taken their name in vain, and held it up to ridicule.

And high time, too! College athlete professionalism corrupts the young just when they are most impressionable. It makes cynics out of idealists. It tells American youth that money is better than learning just when a few nobly dedicated and underpaid professors are trying to teach the opposite. The Air Force Academy is an example of what happens. The scandal there seems more poignant to us because it touches the young, the flag, and the values by which America lives. We blame the military brass.

★ *Notes:* An official of the National Council of Churches criticizes the Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pa., for plans to construct a $25 million plant at Selma, Ala.; the company's spokesman said he had investigated Selma and received "fine reports."

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CONTENTS

THE WEEK – Who's Signaling What?, According to Informed Sources . . . 5

The Attack – *Bill Mauldin* 8
Registering Negroes to Vote – *Alexander M. Bickel* 9
De Gaulle's Obsession – *Jean Daniel* 10
Regulating Natural Gas in Texas – *James Ridgeway* 11
Foul-Up at the Fair – *Murray Kempton* 13
Job Corps – What Boys Will It Take? – *Patrick Anderson* 15
Treating the Mentally Ill – *Robert Coles* 17
University Bosses – *Robert Presthus* 20

BOOKS – *Reviews by Andrew Kopkind, Elisabeth Stevens, Gerald W. Johnson* 25
FILMS *by Stanley Kauffmann* 30
RECORDS *by B. H. Haggin* 34
CORRESPONDENCE 36

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Who's Signaling What?

On the face of it, last week's air raids on North Vietnam were made to divert public attention from the bungled defenses of the military installations in South Vietnam which the guerrillas pounded and penetrated, and to appease public wrath over American soldiers killed and wounded in their beds. But the Administration naturally preferred to offer loftier motivations for retaliatory bombing of another country. These ranged from President Johnson's near-rodomontade, "We shall answer any threat, we shall pay any price to make certain that freedom shall not perish from this earth," to Undersecretary of State George Ball's "explanation" that the bombing was intended to teach the North Vietnamese that "it is not in their interest to try and continue this aggression against the people and government of South Vietnam." But Ball's grotesque hope that bombing the North would calm down the fighting in the South was contradicted by events almost before the words were out of his mouth. The Administration's theory apparently was that, if the North were attacked following the guerrillas' successful mortaring of an American base in the South, the guerrillas' onslaughts would slack off or stop. It does not seem to have occurred to anyone that an attack on the North, instead of a counterattack on the guerrillas, might impel the North to inspire the guerrillas to further efforts, which in fact happened. Mr. Ball said that not to attack the North would in the circumstances have given "a very misleading signal to Hanoi." This, of course, is completely in line with the Administration's stubborn belief that there would be few guerrillas in the South, and few defeats of the South Vietnamese military, if only there were no North Vietnam. It is a fallacy, and by persisting in it the Administration has now escalated the Vietnamese war, the very thing it said it would not do. This escalation will probably lead to a further escalation, and so on until perhaps US policy succeeds in creating the situation Mr. Ball imagines he has been grappling with all along, and the North Vietnamese do actually enter the war – perhaps accompanied by the Chinese, and maybe the Russians too.

Before it ordered the raids on the North, the Administration was protesting that in the past two years North Vietnam has greatly increased its help to the guerrillas in the South. And so in the same period has the US greatly increased *its* help to the South Vietnamese government and military. In fact, the American presence in the Vietnam war has hitherto tended to dwarf the assistance of both China

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and North Vietnam. Yet the most notable result of the enormous American military build-up is that the guerrillas in the South habitually use captured American arms in their stepped-up attacks. All Administration announcements notwithstanding, the South Vietnamese owe most of their humiliating setbacks to their sloppy way of fighting, and to their palace intrigues and ethnic and religious squabbles, not to the great strength or cunning of Hanoi or Peking. Bombing North Vietnam even x number of times won't change that. But the Administration's solemn talk about sending "signals" to Hanoi blindly bypasses those facts.

It is being said that what the Administration is really trying to do is to get into a "position of strength" from which to negotiate. Did not President Kennedy "face down" Khrushchev over Cuba? But Cuba and Vietnam are not really comparable. Cuba is 90 miles from the US and Soviet missiles there were a direct threat to national security. Kennedy got the missiles out of Cuba – but not Communism. Then he successfully negotiated a test ban treaty, with the US and Russia as the prime signatories. What would be the equivalent in Vietnam? It is a very sanguine State Department or Pentagon official who imagines that the North Vietnamese under threat of still further American air blows will advise the guerrillas in the South to cease and desist their increasingly successful forays, and that the guerrillas will obey. If there is going to be a settlement, it will have to be one that takes into account the Viet Cong victories in South Vietnam and probably the Pathet Lao victories in Laos as well. The Viet Cong, who have for years been in *de facto* control of so much of the South, will not lie down and die, nor will the Pathet Lao yield up the two-thirds of Laos that *they* now control.

Any settlement will involve the Russians, whose stake in Vietnam was described in an article in *The New Republic* last week. Soviet Premier Kosygin visited Hanoi to offer to help build up North Vietnam's air defenses, as a way of regaining Soviet influence there to offset China's, not in order to get into the Vietnamese war on the opposite side from the US. Now, however, the North Vietnamese may react to US "signals" by using Soviet ground-to-air missiles (if they get them) against US bombers, while using Chinese MIGs (which they have) against targets in the South. That presumably is why the US has put Hawk anti-aircraft missiles into South Vietnam. Thus does this "little" war escalate. The hard-nose school in and out of government doesn't mind this, because it thinks that either China and Russia won't fight, or that if they do the US may as well fight them now as later. Those who don't think a third world war inevitable prefer to believe that it is in the interests of the US and Russia, and China too if China is wise, to try to halt this interminable civil war before it escalates still further. The President instead of sending obscure signals to Hanoi ought to be on the hot line to Moscow.

According to Informed Sources . . .

No one should expect official explanations of military adventures to coincide with reality. The precedents of General Eisenhower's chatter over the U-2 or Ambassador Stevenson's fibbing before the Bay of Pigs are well established. Wisely, hardly anyone believed all those optimistic reports Secretary McNamara used to bring back from Vietnam, which sounded like "My Summer Vacation," and could have been written practically anywhere, except Southeast Asia. But until last week, no one thought the officials took their own words seriously. All of a sudden, the US was not only handing out misinformation, it was acting on it.

McNamara's short monologue and longer press conference after the first raids contained most of the formulas he long ago devised to rationalize the situation in Vietnam. By his side he had Acting Secretary of State George Ball, who would have played straight man if McNamara did not always play straight man to himself. The cliché of the day was that the raid on the American camp at Pleiku, and the two other Viet Cong raids in South Vietnam which happened to occur the same evening, involved a "test of the will, a clear challenge to the political purpose of both the US and South Vietnamese governments." Its corollaries were that the attack at Pleiku was impossible to prevent because of the nature of the terrain; the size and simultaneity of the Viet Cong raids confirmed the hand of Ho Chi Minh in their direction; security at the bases was impeccable; the retaliatory bombings were inevitable, necessary and entirely successful.

Although 370 Americans had been killed in Vietnam in four years with a minimum of photographic coverage, a picture of a wounded soldier tended by a military nurse was distributed by the Associated Press after the raids, and surely found its way to millions of breakfast tables the next morning. Suggesting the un-

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trustworthiness of Oriental opponents, McNamara reported that the Viet Cong attack was carried on "in the dead of night," and was "covert" and "sneak" (remember Pearl Harbor?) rather than in daylight on a well-marked battlefield, like the French attack on the English at Agincourt. It cannot be that the Secretary does not know that a guerrilla war is in progress in Vietnam, that American soldiers and aircraft are natural targets for the Viet Cong, and that everyone who has traveled in Vietnam says that security is appalling.

The McNamara-Ball show was followed Monday by a report from McGeorge Bundy. Things were going swimmingly when Bundy left Saigon; the Buddhists were coming along in a grand way; General Khanh and Ambassador Taylor, far from being at each other's throats, were patching things up; the will of the South Vietnamese people to oppose the Communists had somehow been clarified. The only flaw was the disagreeableness of the press, which for some reason believed not a word of it.

There is small wonder that the press has become the scapegoat of the policy-makers. From the beginning, few reporters who spent any time at all in Vietnam (unlike columnists and special one-shot correspondents who are carted around by colonels like Americans in Russia by Intourist guides) could ignore the discrepancy between what they saw and what they read in handouts and heard in briefings.

The recitations and explanations last week did nothing to still the questions which are still unanswered about Vietnam; at least, the answers which were given were either too unlikely or too vague to be convincing to those with the most intimate knowledge of Vietnam. A seasoned veteran (non-military) of Vietnam confirms that security is practically nonexistent at most bases, that the Vietnamese do not make the necessary night patrols to prevent Viet Cong attacks, that the supposedly elite American soldiers include a majority of ill-trained and untested Air Force recruits who undergo few practice alerts and can panic during a raid. They didn't at Pleiku, but they did last October when the Viet Cong attacked an air base at Bien Hoa. Although the special forces and the serious technicians are universally considered first-rate professionals, the young innocents in their campaign hats and pom-poms do not know, and are not told, what the grisly war is all about.

It is easy for officials to claim that they have "captured enemy documents" and hard intelligence reports on every aspect of the war, but they have not done much to allay persistent, and justifiable skepticism. The information on infiltration of men and weapons from the North is confused and contradictory. The "hardest" figures are derived from "double-confirmed" sources, which usually means two unreliable prisoners instead of one. "Probable" figures run twice as high, and are perhaps pulled out of a hat. "Hard" figures, if one doesn't watch out, may be compared with "probable" figures, to prove either that the Viet Cong are stronger or weaker, indigenous or foreign, depending on the current political approach.

When the Pentagon or the White House sends the chiefs to Saigon, they hear what they expect to hear. Although a military maverick may sometimes get to a visiting Secretary or Presidential adviser, most of the information filters through a fine screen of self-delusion. And now, the top civilian and military leaders in Vietnam have such small contact with the Vietnamese that there is very little opportunity to collect material for screening. An American in Vietnam returned to Saigon after months in the hinterland and heard a briefing in which it was declared that a province he knew to be almost completely controlled by the Viet Cong was really in the advance stages of "pacification" by the government. The American observer laughed, and left.

There are a dozen obvious questions that could be raised about the bombings last week. *The New York Times'* Charles Mohr (who resigned as a *Time* magazine correspondent in Saigon when his accurate on-the-spot reporting did not fit the fantasies of his editors in New York), and other reporters indicated that there was no good evidence that Pleiku was a deliberate "test of will," or that there was anything noticeably spontaneous about the bombings as retaliation. Spokesmen wound themselves into a sticky mess answering challenges about the Pleiku terrain (it turned out to be virtually a treeless plain rather than impenetrable jungle) and the provenance of the Viet Cong's 81 mm mortars (American-made, though McGeorge Bundy repeatedly doubted it).

The essential problem for the diligent newspaper reader was in trying to find a reason for the bombings which fit some rational policy for resolution of the whole awful business. From their Potomac fastness, the Joint Chiefs of Staff were reported to deny the military advantages of "tit-for-tat" raids. As retaliation followed retaliation and the eight Pleiku deaths escalated into scores, the political advantages seemed even thinner. It is one thing to set about attacking North Vietnam as part of a program for ending the war, or at least our involvement in it. It is another to start the bombs falling because the US military could not defend the perimeters of its own camp at Pleiku. High tragedy, classically, contains moments of low comedy, and these are supposed to be brief and generally irrelevant to the mood of descending gloom. The Americans who were killed at Pleiku and Qui Nhon did not die laughing. Their fate was truly tragic. The comedy was on another stage.

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THE ATTACK

Pleiku, South Vietnam

The mortar barrage on Camp Holloway and the 52nd aviation battalion began at exactly 2 a.m. It was intense and murderous, some 80 rounds in five minutes saturating a bivouac area perhaps two blocks square. They were using captured 81 millimeter weapons of our own manufacture.

I was sleeping in the east half of a hut house or "hooch" of Lt. Col. John C. Hughes, of Herrin, Ill. My son, Bruce, a warrant officer and helicopter pilot in the battalion, whom I had come to visit, is billeted in the town of Pleiku, near Second Corps Headquarters which was also hit. I had just spent the evening in Pleiku having a reunion celebration with Bruce and had left him at his billet.

My first awakening thought at the roar of the mortar barrage was that Chinese New Year was still being celebrated. When a round hit nearby, I realized what was going on and began to worry about Bruce, assuming (correctly) that he would try to get back to his outfit and worrying that the attack might be general in scope, in which case the road to camp would be a bad place for him.

Any further speculation on my part was cut off by Colonel Hughes who roared at me to get myself into the bunker out back, as he tore out of the front door to take charge of his battalion. So emphatic was his order and so positive was my response that I found myself arriving at the bunker barefoot and in my underwear.

The barrage was at its height as I started down the earthen steps to the sand-bagged shelter. By the light of the drumming explosions I could see the barbed wire of the southern edge of camp a few feet away, and I fully expected to see hostile faces on the other side moving up under cover of the mortars. It turned out that the only infantry penetration was to the east, where the parked aircraft were attacked.

A young soldier from headquarters company came up to me at the bunker entrance. He was also in his underwear, but mine was white and his was red. He was holding both hands over a large wound in his right side and was covered with blood from several lesser cuts. Mortar shells are designed to cut people up and apparently we make good ones.

"Help me," he said, "I've got to lie down." I tried to help him into the bunker but he refused to come down those dark steps. He said he had decided he was going to die and he wanted to lie down on something comfortable. From the looks of his wound, I felt in no position to question his prognosis, so I helped him into the hut and put him on my cot, where I found a small light and took a closer look at his side. I couldn't tell whether the large fragment had gone into his guts or had simply cut him open in passing but hoped for the latter. At this time, the mortar barrage had been going on for about four minutes, interspersed with grenades and some recoilless rifle fire. Again I asked my friend to let me take him into the bunker but he was adamant about staying above ground. "I'm pretty sure I'm going to die in a minute," he said in a real tone of apology, "and I would appreciate it if you would let me hold onto your hand and say my prayers."

What can you do? I let him hold my hand. He recited the Lord's Prayer.

As he finished, the mortars let up and Colonel Hughes came in, as mad as a hornet. He had seen our light and wanted to know what the hell I was doing upstairs.

"Oh," he said, looking at the cot, "I'll send some litter bearers back." Shortly, four soldiers with carbines came in on the colonel's orders, to help me move the wounded man. Lacking a stretcher, we carried him on my mattress for the two-block walk to the dispensary.

For some reason, I had stupidly assumed that my boy, who had made his peace with his Maker and was now uncomplainingly enduring the rather bumpy ride we were giving him, was the only casualty in the area. Now, as we made our way among the riddled hooches, we found ourselves part of a regular gory procession with hurt men stumbling out of practically every tent, each leaving his special trail of splatters, so that next morning there were scores of little red trails converging into one big one leading to the medical hut. Most of the wounded were being supported or carried. Few had only one cut and some had dozens. Of the initial five dozen casualties treated, only 18 were walking wounded.

Although the mortars had stopped, the war was still on, with a fire fight at the air strip, where the Viet Cong were going after the parked helicopters and twin-engine Caribou troop carriers. There was the thump of TNT, as some of the attackers managed to get charges under the machines. The dispensary was at the edge of the strip, and when we got there, we could see several aircraft burning.

At no time did I see any sign of panic, even though there was every excuse for panic. An enclosed garrison in a hostile environment had been hit suddenly and hard and there was no way of knowing if we were

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going to be overrun. But our new army seems to be a bunch of pros. Those who weren't hit had their weapons in hand and were going quickly but calmly about their business, and it is worth noting that later in the morning a number of these were surprised to find blood had run down into their own shoes from punctures they didn't know they had. The first casualty count was seven dead in the battalion and 43 wounded. A later count showed seven killed and 103 hurt.

Inside, the dispensary looked like a Technicolor scene out of *Gone With the Wind*. Badly wounded men were sprawled over every bit of floor and huddled on every piece of furniture. Blood was pooled and splattered everywhere and I kept slipping in it as I made my way through barefooted. Our boy had to give up his mattress because there wasn't room for it. He didn't mind. I believe, at this point, he had begun to believe he was going to make it after all, and this turned out to be right. I told him goodbye, he smiled a trifle wanly, and I headed back for the colonel's hut to get my pants.

I believe this was my worst time in the whole affair, because it suddenly occurred to me that in my state of undress I resembled a montagnard, local Vietnamese hillbilly, who runs around in shirttails and not much else. This could lead to a misunderstanding in the dark with an armed soldier on the alert for infiltrators, so every time I passed one, I made a point of pretending to stumble, then uttering a four-letter word in unmistakable English.

Back at the hut, I got dressed, found my camera and sketchbook, and went out to cover the war like a gentleman correspondent. At 2:35 a.m. the firing had stopped. At 2:45, I heard a loud commotion at the front gate, angry voices, and a shot. I never did learn what the shot was about, but the ruckus was created by my son, Bruce, who had come to save his beloved helicopters and was having trouble getting past the sentries.

Later, I watched him help direct operations as the wounded were evacuated by air and told him he was doing a fair job for a man who couldn't even get to his own war on time. He told me to go to hell.

Bill Mauldin

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Registering Negro Voters in the South

The reason why hundreds of Negroes led by Martin Luther King have been demonstrating and been jailed in Selma (Dallas County), Alabama for the past few weeks is that litigation seeking to force registration of Negro voters there, which the Justice Department instituted four years ago, has produced no appreciable results. This is not to say that everything would be different, or even that anything would be very different in Selma if the Justice Department lawsuit had borne more fruit. "At least in the short run," former Assistant Attorney General Burke Marshall has conceded, "it cannot be argued that securing the right to vote leads to other federal rights. It is not that easy." But there is the long run to worry about, and there is, more immediately, the unbearable frustration in a place like Selma of being able to obtain no advance whatever on any front.

Going to court has achieved substantial gains elsewhere in Alabama, for example in Macon County (Tuskegee), where federal district Judge Frank M. Johnson has ordered the registration of certified Negro applicants, and has then personally supervised the day-to-day operation of registering other voters. But where federal judges such as W. Harold Cox of Mississippi have actively obstructed the government's lawsuit, or where, because they are busy or uninterested, judges have not seen fit to invest their energies after the fashion of Judge Johnson, the result has been the snail's pace of Selma.

The Civil Rights Act of 1960 offers an alternative to the busy federal judge who hesitates to enter upon the all-absorbing kind of labor in voting cases that Judge Johnson undertook in Macon County and elsewhere. On the request of the Attorney General, the judge may make a finding that discrimination against prospective Negro voters is not isolated or scattered, but "is pursuant to a pattern or practice," and he may then appoint one or more federal "voting referees" and empower them in effect to qualify and register Negro applicants. These referees are to test the qualifications of Negro applicants, not in accordance with a strict reading of the state law, but by criteria no more stringent than the state registrar has in fact been using to qualify white voters. This is extremely important, since the state law will generally prescribe very tough standards which are in practice applied to disqualify those few Negroes who actually reach the registrar's desk, but are ignored for white voters.

Federal judges have not used this provision of the 1960 act. Some, of course, wouldn't dream of using it.

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Others, with the best of wills, must feel that they are asked to take too great a responsibility. The statute never says that they *shall* appoint referees, only that they *may*. It is expecting quite a bit of district judges, with their local connections and their essential local dependence, to take on their own responsibility what must be regarded as a radical, even a revolutionary measure in the context of the traditional federal-state relationship, when Congress has given them discretion not to take it.

That the 1960 Act placed an almost unsupportable burden on the district judges was foreseen by many at the time, and it was consequently proposed that the appointment of federal voting registrars be made a Presidential rather than a judicial function. In response to the Selma demonstrations, President Johnson has now let it be known that he is preparing new legislative proposals on the right to vote. If new legislation is to make a difference, it must include provisions for federal voting referees. Nothing else is a real solution. Anything else can be substantially frustrated, not only by recalcitrant federal judges, but also by communities with the will to confront the average federal judge with the last-ditch resistance. And it should be clear by now that appointment of federal referees must either be made mandatory by statutes, if it is to remain a judicial responsibility, or it must be made an executive function.

The Kennedy Administration was moving in this direction two years ago. The original June, 1963 Kennedy draft of what finally became the Civil Rights Act of 1964 included a provision empowering the Attorney General to ask federal judges, in effect, to qualify and register Negro voters in areas in which fewer than 15 percent of Negroes of voting age are registered. When the Attorney General made such a request, this proposal left the federal judge with no discretion. There were no findings left for him to make. He had either to act, or fail to perform a plainly stated statutory duty. If he was too busy to act himself, the statute invited him to appoint federal referees to assume the burden for him. Unfortunately, this provision was dropped early in the course of consideration of the Act in the House. It should now constitute the starting point for any new proposal by the Johnson Administration.

But at this late date even this is not enough by itself. The original Kennedy proposal left some room for obstruction by the few segregationist federal judges. And it placed on the judges the responsibility for appointing referees. A further step should now be taken in the direction of more precise executive responsibility – political rather than judicial – if there is to be a breakthrough in the registration of Negro voters in the rural South.

ALEXANDER M. BICKEL

De Gaulle's Obsession

Leader of Europe and Arbiter Between Blocs

Paris

On the subject of the British Empire, Indochina, Germany, Algeria, China and Europe, Charles de Gaulle has contradicted himself a hundred – a thousand – times over. He has, in modern parlance, been flexible; so flexible, that there is scarcely an issue on which he has not adjusted his stand to meet the contradictory shifts in the tide of events. On one issue, however, he has been consistent to the point of obsession: the restoration of France to its former "rank" as leader of a Europe destined to be "one of the three great world powers and, should this eventually become necessary, the arbiter between the Soviet and the Anglo-Saxon camps."

This was the role denied France one Sunday afternoon twenty years ago (February 4, 1945) by Stalin, Roosevelt and Churchill when they met in the Yusupov Palace at Yalta. Exactly twenty years later (and eleven days after the death of the last of the three Great Ones) General de Gaulle called a press conference where he again said that only the "European peoples" can find a solution to the German problem.

At Yalta, Europe was divided up without consulting the peoples of that continent: De Gaulle was not included in the *tête-à-tête* between Russia and the Anglo-Saxons. He has sworn he will do everything within his power to prevent the fate of the world from ever again being so decided. This is his grand design, his dominant philosophy, his obsessive goal. Neither war nor peace, capitalism nor communism, conflicting ideologies nor racial differences are really important to him. He is quite willing to acknowledge some truth of the moment which will fit some issue of the day, so long as France can share, on an equal footing with the Great Powers, the leadership of the world. And so long as he, de Gaulle, is one of the people doing the leading.

If one accepts this premise, the many contradictions and obstinacies of de Gaulle are self-explanatory. For example, from the General's viewpoint a second Yalta took place two years ago when the nuclear test-ban treaty was signed with Russia. At no time were these agreements evaluated at the Elysée Palace in terms of the risk of war or the progress of disarmament. So far as de Gaulle was concerned, they meant only one thing: that the Russians and the Anglo-Saxons, while

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claiming to oppose the proliferation of nuclear weapons, were simply agreeing to maintain a monopoly on these weapons which are the key to world power today. When the famous "hot line" was set up between the White House and the Kremlin, it was an occasion for mourning in Paris.

Having vainly sought from Stalin a share in the partitioning of Germany, de Gaulle reverted to pro-Germanism. Having vainly sought from Khrushchev some sort of agreement, de Gaulle turned to Red China for comfort – to that same "yellow peril," the unleashing of which he had publicly decried in times gone by. For years, de Gaulle's diplomatic strategy had been ill defined and sterile. Then, three events of world importance, occurring almost simultaneously, came to his rescue and served his ambition. First, the death of John F. Kennedy, the man who had developed the most successful form of dialogue with the Russians. Next, the deposing of Khrushchev – the man who more than anyone else desired to get along with the Americans. Finally, the explosion of the Chinese nuclear bomb which, by transforming a Communist nation hostile to Russia into a nuclear power, put an abrupt end to all dreams of a new Yalta.

Since then, the General has been tweaking the nose of the world to his heart's content. Toward the Germans, he behaves as has Nasser recently: if Bonn objects, the word is passed that a deal with Pankow is not inconceivable. Toward the Russians he behaves as do the Cubans or the Albanians: ties with the Chinese are tightened up whenever convenient. As to the Americans, they are so vulnerable in Latin America and Southeast Asia that it is merely child's play to exasperate them.

De Gaulle's obsession leads him into unforeseeable and paradoxical paths. To serve his drive for national power, de Gaulle the general has broken the French army; de Gaulle the imperialist has liberated France's colonies; de Gaulle the reactionary has recognized Communist China; de Gaulle the champion of the Free World is threatening to shatter the Atlantic Alliance. Nevertheless, his fundamental goal remains always and ineluctably the same: the supremacy and boundless independence of France. Since he believes in nationalisms and not ideologies, in imperialistic alliances and not ideological solidarities, nothing stops him. He is willing to do whatever he thinks is necessary, and this is what the United States finds so frightening, whereas, conversely, the Communist world and the Third World sometimes see in his policies some hope. Mr. Vinogradov, the Russian ambassador to Paris, has always contended that this was the case, and his theory is confirmed and reconfirmed with each passing day.

De Gaulle is indeed prepared to do anything: to publicly propose, for example, the neutralizing of Vietnam and, discreetly, the end of the Cuban blockade; to facilitate the reunification of Germany, a course he had formerly opposed; to renew relations with all the countries of the East; to negotiate with China; to return to the international gold standard in order to disrupt the US Treasury. His prestige is great – but he is getting old, he hasn't much time, and he considers the world situation favorable. He may risk everything, this very year, to try and carry out the dream which has always been at the root of his every act: a Europe reunited, from the Atlantic to the Carpathians, under the aegis of France, and enjoying equal status with the Anglo-Saxons and the Soviets.

JEAN DANIEL

Regulating Natural Gas in Texas

Last week the big Texas petroleum interests brought in Governor John Connally, the President's own home state sidekick, to warn the Federal Power Commission that should it reduce the price of natural gas, the young and vibrant state of Texas itself might founder.

This unusual suggestion came at a time when the Commission was hearing final oral arguments in the Permian Basin proceedings, the first of several cases where at long last it will determine maximum prices for the gas which producers sell to pipeline companies. The Permian Basin, which lies in West Texas and New Mexico, accounts for about 10 percent of the nation's gas supply.

Pricing natural gas is complicated. It depends on how much the producer gets from a pipeline; what the pipeline adds on before selling it to a distributor, and how much the distributor marks up the price in selling gas to the consumer. The price at which the pipeline sells to the distributor is under federal regulation, but this is ineffective. For what has happened is that unregulated producers increase prices at will, which are passed on in turn to the consumer who is virtually a captive. Gas was all but worthless at the end of the Second World War; now it accounts for about one-third of the nation's fuel.

At the end of the war producers were selling gas to pipelines for four cents per 1,000 cubic feet (mcf). Now they get about 16 cents. In 1954 the Supreme Court ordered the Federal Power Commission in effect to halt the spiraling price of gas by regulating producer prices. This it did not do, spending most of the Eisenhower years working with Congress to get through legislation exempting producers. All these

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attempts failed, and after further stern admonition from the Court, the Commission half-heartedly took up the problem. At this point, Mr. Kennedy was elected, and he appointed Mr. Joseph Swidler as chairman. Swidler pushed firmly ahead, until now, only a few months before his term as chairman is due to expire, the Commission stands on the brink of actually deciding the landmark case. The FPC has before it an examiner's decision which would set the maximum price for gas in the Permian Basin at 16.75 cents per mcf. The Texans, of course, want the price of gas left to be determined in the open marketplace, but they will settle for 20 cents.

This 3.25 cent gap between producers and consumer interests exists in the other cases as well. It means that should the examiner's decision be upheld, the nation's total annual gas bill will be reduced by more than $330 million a year.

Most of the gas from the Permian Basin goes to markets in California, which is arguing for the reduced price. The large petroleum companies, which produce the bulk of the nation's gas, are fighting hard to keep the present prices from being pared: Gulf Oil, Phillips Petroleum, H. L. Hunt, Standard Oil. Right now the Commission is ranged 3-1 in favor of stiff gas regulation. But Mr. Johnson could reverse the lineup overnight. He has yet to replace Harold Woodward, a Republican who died last summer. And he has not decided whether or not to reappoint Charles Ross, a liberal Republican from Vermont who is counted to side with Swidler and David Black, a Washington Democrat, against the producers. Although Ross's term expired last June, the law permits him to stay until the President either reappoints him or names a successor. Only Lawrence O'Connor Jr., a Texas Democrat, is sure for the gas men. If Mr. Johnson had wanted to reassure Swidler of his support in this matter, he would have filled these two vacancies before the Commission took up this important case. As it is, Swidler is left with memories of the President's congressional record of championing oil and gas and the unpleasant sensation of Mr. Johnson's breath hot on his neck whatever he does.

Connally's appearance and his bravado about Texas churned up the muddy waters a bit more. Certainly what he had to say was in itself tired stuff. He held with the producers that the examiner's price would not be big enough to cover exploration costs; certainly not enough to make producers willing to undertake the risk of drilling. As a result gas reserves would diminish, and if consumers in California cried now for having to pay too high a price, they soon would cry louder for having no gas at all. Moreover, he made clear that the present flourishing existence of Texas was closely tied to gas and oil, which provided the revenues to pay for its educational system. He left the general impression that should prices be cut back the University of Texas, for one, might perish. And the Governor said the present competitive marketplace was the best place to decide the price of gas. Here contracts were arrived at through arm's length bargaining. Pinpointing gas exploration costs in the Permian Basin is complicated because in the past gas was discovered in the search for oil. The cost of the two industries are lumped together. Now demand for oil is declining while the need for gas expands. In effect the petroleum companies have fixed it so that the gas stove owner is supporting the operation of both industries, one healthy and the other feeble. Examiner Seymour Wenner would solve the cost problem by starting off on a fresh tack. He would set up a two-price system where the producers who look for gas alone get the highest price. Explorers who come across gas in their hunt for oil would get less money. Hopefully this policy would lure producers into the expanding gas business and away from the glutted oil business.

The refutation to Governor Connally's lecture on free competition in Texas lies in a history of gas exploration as set forth in Mr. Wenner's decision. In 1945 El Paso Natural Gas Company, the biggest pipeline operating in the Permian Basin, paid 5 cents per mcf for gas. By 1958, the price had risen to 11 cents. In 1959, Transwestern Pipeline Company made its appearance in the Permian Basin. It paid 21.8 cents per mcf for gas. If the gas market were as hotly competitive as Governor Connally suggests, why should Transwestern have been willing to pay double the price El Paso had reached in contracts the previous year? The answer is simple. Two big producers, Gulf Oil and Monterey Oil, controlled Transwestern. The new Transwestern contract forced El Paso to renegotiate all its old contracts, bringing them into line with the new higher rate. The Texas idea of competition evidently is that if one producer can wheedle a rate increase, then all the others raise their prices. That way everyone is even.

JAMES RIDGEWAY

NEXT WEEK: *The Ghetto of Crime— Joan Colebrook on the South End of Boston*

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Foul-Up at the Fair

by Murray Kempton

Everyone has begun to suspect but almost no one dares to say that the New York World's Fair is sinking into a sea of insolvency with a good deal more speed if considerably less splendor than Venice is sinking into the Adriatic. Every institution in the city – public and private – has too large a stake in this particular disaster to permit it to happen. Mr. Robert Moses has invented the private enterprise which so involves a whole society that its final catastrophe can be at once perfectly logical and completely impossible.

There have been strangled cries from the fringes; two weeks ago, Abraham Beame, Comptroller of the City of New York, demanded the right to audit the books of the World's Fair Corporation. It was Comptroller Beame's claim that New York had spent $24 million clearing the site for the Fair, that Mr. Moses had promised to pay it back from his profits and that there were disturbing signs that there would be neither profits nor a detailed accounting.

The World's Fair Corporation came to the State Supreme Court to cry mercy against this intrusion.

"Can we agree," asked Supreme Court Justice Louis Capozzoli, "the World's Fair has gotten city funds?"

"Let's talk about that," World's Fair Counsel Charles Preusse said. "There's been all sorts of talk about the City of New York having turned over to us $24 million. There was never any money given us."

"Where didja get the $24 million?" Justice Capozzoli persisted with terrible innocence.

"We didn't get it," Preusse answered. "I'm glad you brought this up. The city appropriated $24 million for permanent park improvements in Flushing Meadows. The comptroller spent it."

New Yorkers had no excuse for further confusions about balanced municipal government. The city had spent $24 million to put Flushing Meadows into shape for the World's Fair; the private corporation which had been the beneficiary of this public endowment could now dismiss it as "a public park improvement." Twenty-four million dollars happen to be more than 10 percent of New York City's annual capital budget for education, and not far below half its annual capital budget for parks. New Yorkers could arise to find that they had spent an amount equal to 43 percent of their park and playground budget on the most distant reach of Queens, which has already more open space than any borough except Staten Island.

Mr. Moses explained that the Fair was in no position to pay the $24 million back; Mayor Robert Wagner agreed that it shouldn't be expected to. It was odd but not unexpected that the Mayor was not surprised.

For, just a year ago, Robert Moses publicly listed among the "obligations of the Fair . . . (4) to pay over to the City $24 million" to cover the improvements on the site. Moses had also attached the prophecy that, once this obligation was met, "there may, on account of large attendance and careful management, be a large balance." He was talking then as an enterpriser who was about to make $50 million; he could hardly know that he was about to lose heaven alone quite knows what. The attendance was not that large; the management hardly seems to have been that careful.

Last October, in the interval between the misfortunes of the last season and the uncertainties of the next, Moses issued an interim report on the Fair's triumphs and promises. He reported a surplus of $12.6 million as of August 31.

He offered, in addition, limitlessly higher horizons for the season to come: "Complete sections, rather than fragments, of the Dead Sea Scrolls will be on exhibition . . . Montana [is] considering the addition of a cow-milking school . . . The Prime Minister of Malaysia has recently advised the Fair that 'our pavilion will be better stocked next year' . . . (the Bourbon Street) area will be brought to a semblance of its New Orleans counterpart." The latter rich feast was, of course, set forth before the promoters of the Bourbon Street area were brought to bankruptcy court.

Then in February, the Fair's auditors announced that October's $12.6 million surplus had become a $17.2 million deficit. This would mean, if any of Mr. Moses' audits could be accepted as remotely sensible, that the Fair had lost $30 million in three months.

Yet no one except Comptroller Beame wanted to subject a corporation with a history of such notable gyrations in its financial statements to a truly rigorous public examination; the embarrassment, however salutary in the abstract, would have been thoroughly painful and general in the concrete. Mayor Wagner, as an instance, would find it hard to explain the responsibility of City Council President Paul Screvane and Deputy Mayor Edward Cavanagh, who are both directors of the Fair. And they have, for company, every banker in a city whose bankers are normally so cold

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of heart that one, the Chemical Bank of New York, advertises that it is the friendliest in town because it is ready to cash anyone's check who has enough money on deposit in its vaults.

None of the bankers, of course, thought to wonder in 1962 when the Fair had been on the drawing boards for three years and Mr. Moses made public this breakdown of costs: Publicity, $736,054.39; advertising, $1,309,433.75; legal fees, $798,251.50; *engineering services*, $479,967.39.

This five to one ratio between what the enterprise spent on shadow and what it spent on substance had its inevitable consequences in January when the presidents of the Chase Manhattan, the First National and the Chemical banks, the city's three largest, all suddenly withdrew from the Fair's Finance Committee with the announcement that the continued connection of their names with the corporation might confuse the public into believing that the Fair was in a satisfactory condition.

Mr. Moses dealt with these summer soldiers by making public various snatches of prior correspondence from the days when they were all united with him in purpose. The effect was rather like that of the letters from Stalin which Tito printed after their break in 1948 and reflected about as much credit on all parties. None of the New York papers chose to print them, presumably from considerations of civic welfare, which is rather a pity because they are documents of considerable value in the social history of the United States, partly because they tell us that the most important public planner in the largest city in the United States had a grasp of financial affairs comparable to that of Ludwig of Bavaria in his later years, and even more because they explain that the captains of the largest financial capital in the history of man weren't much more competent than Moses.

Moses' most fervent critic had been George S. Moore, president of the First National Bank and chairman of the Fair's Finance Committee. Moore had been "conspicuously absent," Moses reported, from four of the most recent seven meetings of the Executive Committee. "Nevertheless he repeatedly endorsed the Fair's management."

In February of 1964, Moses remembered, the now fallen-away Moore had written him: "I am only sorry that George Moore didn't get to know Bob Moses 25 years ago. I have one more project; the new park must be called 'Robert Moses Park'. I'll go on a picket line to accomplish that!"

Moore's real quarrel with the Fair, Moses went on to assert, was that First National had lent $6 million to the proprietor of a pavilion called "Better Living," which had exerted so small a claim on the aspirations of the Fair's customers that by August it had gone broke and First National, as its major creditor, was begging the Fair to make it a salvage loan.

Moses, of course, had to say no; but he was graceful enough to offer his advice.

"It occurs to me," he told Moore, "that First National might well insist on putting some thoroughly competent person into this pavilion. . . . I brought up several times before the possibility of extending the Child Care Center so as to provide *genuine* baby checking and baby sitting services."

It does not seem to have occurred to one of New York's great bankers that, before you give a $6 million loan to a man offering a child care service, you might ask if he has a *genuine* child care service.

Moses explained, quite incidentally, that one reason why the Fair could not bail out First National's Better Living Pavilion was that every exhibitor was in trouble. "Even the United States government owes the Fair money." Moses then exhibited a letter to Norman Winston, Commissioner of the US Pavilion, granting an extension of the government's utility bill. Of all the cosmic achievements of Moses' extraordinary history nothing can quite come up to the experience of having driven the United States government into the condition of deadbeat.

Moore, it is true, had recommended economies in October and Moses gave him satisfaction. He dispatched a memorandum by hand to Thomas J. Deegan, Jr., unpaid chairman of the Board of the Fair Corporation and also its public relations consultant, a commission he resigned last month because it occurred to him after three years that there might be those who inferred a certain conflict of interest. "I believe the personnel of the communications and public relations division should be revamped," Moses instructed the chairman of the board. "Bill Donoghue's payroll is almost $400,000 and your group is over $190,000. I believe these two should be reduced to a total of about $150,000. Can this be done? . . . *I do not pretend to understand this business.*"

On January 13 last, Moses wrote to David Rockefeller, president of the Chase Manhattan Bank: "What we need is an experienced, well-balanced man to be financial vice president of the Fair."

So, then, five years had passed; Moses had spent more than $110 million and then he had discovered that his corporation needed an "experienced, well-balanced" financial manager. Naturally he had thought it necessary to write the president of the Chase Manhattan Bank and acquaint him with this blinding flash, with who knows what implications for progress if it should generally be applied to the financial structure. We have obviously witnessed a disaster organized by the best brains in New York, which carries the comforting assurance that it can't be permitted to happen.

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Job Corps—What Boys Will It Take?

The Job Corps will be the most visible part of the war on poverty. Unemployed boys (and some girls, in separate facilities) age 16 to 21 will live and be trained in rural and urban centers. It is hoped that these volunteers will stay about a year. This could be an unprecedented experiment in mass reeducation, a great laboratory to try and undo in one year the damage that a lifetime of early poverty has inflicted on slum children. But the planners have been haunted by another image: riots, rapes, and gang fights when large numbers of lower-class, often non-white teen-agers, are taken from slums to live alongside unfamiliar communities. The key issue for the Corps is who to enroll. One million young people are eligible, but only 40,000 will be taken the first year. Who should they be?

Recently, the Job Corps issued a fact sheet that says of its admission standards: "Criminals, addicts, and others with serious emotional psychological disorders will not be eligible for the Job Corps. . . . To be enrolled in the Job Corps, they must show promise of success."

But at what point does a boy become a criminal? For truancy? Shoplifting? Fighting? Car theft? In most urban slums the majority of boys have some police record by the age of 21. If these "juvenile delinquents" (the term generally used, rather than "criminal") are not wanted in the Corps, as its officials have indicated to other federal agencies, its range will become absurdly narrow. Of all the poverty programs directly aimed at youth, the Job Corps is best suited to help those with problems, because it offers shelter and 24-hour-a-day care away from their homes.

If the poverty war is to have any meaning, the Job Corps will have to enroll others than those who show "promise of success." The Corps must seek out those unfortunates of little promise. Can this be done?

The answer may lie in an incident that occurred last September when segregationists in Yorktown, Virginia, protested against plans to open a camp in their area. "We don't want a bunch of hoodlums out of Harlem," one official was quoted as saying. The Johnson-Goldwater campaign was in full swing, and there were fears that resistance to the camps, mostly racial in nature, might spread across the nation. To help prevent this, Sargent Shriver issued a statement which said in part: "Every member [of the Job Corps] will be carefully screened and will be the kind of American who could be welcomed anywhere in the US."

But a real war on poverty must help those young people who are *not* welcome anywhere in America. It must help "hoodlums from Harlem" and spics and wops and the dirtiest white trash. It must come to grips with the prejudices of affluent America, not run with them. Shriver's statement was our first indication that the Job Corps might be destined to become a showcase, not a workshop. If the Job Corps wants only the good boys, it will be aided by a built-in screening process, for it is the ambitious youngsters who will come forward and volunteer. An aggressive recruiting campaign would be required to involve the hostile, hard-core poor.

There is ample precedent for a federal program to train only the most trainable. The principal program of the Kennedy Administration for training the unemployed was conducted by the Department of Labor's Office of Manpower, Automation and Training (OMAT). To date, about 61 percent of the persons trained by this program have been high school graduates, and less than 10 percent of those trained had less than an eighth grade education. OMAT officials who regret this record say that their biggest difficulty was having to rely for most of their recruiting on the US Employment Service, which is resolutely middle-class in its outlook. One of the poverty program's bitterest bureaucratic battles was an early, unsuccessful effort to minimize the role played by the USES in Job Corps recruitment. As a result, Job Corps aides now tell of conversations with state employment service officials who are dumbfounded by the idea of trying to recruit any but the best qualified youth.

If the Job Corps concentrates on the most promising youngsters, it will still do some good. Problems will be avoided, public relations will be expert, and few people will know the difference. Most boys look about the same when you put them in work clothes. *Life* magazine will photograph the camps in any event. The real losers will be those slum boys and girls who have some record of trouble-making, or who do not radiate much promise of success, but nonetheless come forward, encouraged by the Job Corps' publicity campaign, only to be told they aren't wanted.

Of course there would be strong resistance to a program that was open to the neediest of these youngsters. There has already been local resistance to more than a few proposed Job Corps sites. In the face of such protests, the Job Corps usually withdraws without much argument. Its spokesmen justify their policy on the ground that there are plenty of potential camp sites, and therefore no need to put a camp where it isn't wanted. This is true in the case of the 100-man rural camps. But adequate facilities for the 1,000-man urban camps have been harder to find. Last fall, after looking for several months, Job Corps officials agreed that the best potential site for a large training camp in

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Arrival of the New Recruits

Camp Catoctin, Maryland

Anyone who stumbled into Camp Catoctin on a recent Saturday might have mistaken the scene for a modern version of Oliver Twist's deliverance from Fagin. Sargent Shriver's people brought in reporters from Washington to record the telling moment when the first bus deposited its cargo of 20 impoverished boys at the old CCC camp to begin new lives in the Job Corps. The frightened lot, clad in city clothes and carrying their belongings in old shopping bags or battered suitcases, got off the bus to pose obligingly for the television cameras. Indeed, they posed most of the day – taking the first bite of a piece of cherry pie, trying on a new shirt, browsing amidst a library of programmed instruction manuals, or listening to Al Maxey, the kindly camp supervisor who welcomed the boys twice for the benefit of the television cameramen.

It really was impossible to tell amidst all the hullabaloo whether these youths had been skimmed off the top of the poor to make a good show for the government. They certainly were not without character. One portly Negro boy had what looked to be a pearl set in his right ear lobe. Another had gouged his name in his arm with a jackknife; he unravelled a particularly unpleasant personal history which suggested his parents might well have been as glad to get rid of him as he was to be done with them. One boy, who had arrived a few days earlier, had been discovered sitting in his room during lunch and, when asked why he wasn't eating, said his teeth hurt him but he was afraid to say so for fear he might be expelled. He was taken to a dentist, who removed 15 rotten teeth. This boy was tagging along arm in arm with one of the camp workers, who had taken a special interest in him and had taught him how to press his trousers.

Most of the time at Catoctin will be spent working on trails and building camping areas. The boys will learn how to drive bulldozers; they can take up welding, plumbing and carpentry. Ten hours each week are devoted to improving reading and arithmetic. Some of the new volunteers have a second and third grade proficiency in these subjects. Typing classes also are offered.

Eventually they may be shifted to urban job corps camps to learn skills that can help them get work in the city; some may want to go back to school; the poverty program's regional employment offices will try to get others jobs in various parts of the country. The Job Corps will pay to transport them to where the jobs are.

J.R.

the southeastern United States was an unused Veterans Administration hospital in Nashville. Unfortunately, this hospital is located in the middle of a comfortable middle-class neighborhood, and not far from the wealthiest section of Nashville. Conversations were held with aides to Governor Frank Clement (by law, governors can veto Job Corps sites) and Nashville leaders. Although by no means opposed to the poverty program, these leaders feared the reaction of neighborhood residents if hundreds of low-income youths, many of them Negroes, were brought to live in their midst. "We just wish the hospital was five miles farther west," said one high state official. The Job Corps quietly dropped the VA hospital from its plans.

Key Job Corps officials privately acknowledge the various pressures toward taking the best enrollees but say they will be able to resist them. They point to the selection procedure they have set up, by which field agencies interview applicants but send their forms to Job Corps headquarters for final action. Each boy will be judged separately, they say, and their main goal in screening out applicants will be to avoid taking those with physical or mental problems the program is not equipped to handle. They say minor police offenses do not automatically rule a boy out, and note that their first group of 30 enrollees included one boy with a car theft conviction. This first group was hand-picked and placed in a model camp 60 miles from Washington.

Dr. Charles W. Slack, a training consultant for the Westinghouse Corporation, said in a recent memo circulated among the poverty staff:

"When I visit Washington these days, I hear much talk about selection procedures and other means for eliminating the undeserving poor from the Job Corps camps and centers, and from community action programs. The undeserving poor include the psychotic, the criminally inclined and perverted. Lately I notice that the 'undeserving poor' also seem to include the recalcitrant and difficult to handle, those who cannot adjust to institutional life, the overly aggressive, the physically ill, and 'those who simply cannot adjust to group participation' . . . the poverty program is for the deserving poor, not the undeserving poor . . . if the poverty program had been initiated with the idea of providing help for those who deserved it and needed it, one would have no complaint with the present trend away from the undeserving poor, but in fact the poverty program was started with the intention of eliminating poverty and the effects of poverty. It is conceivable that the program as it is now operating will do the opposite. . . ."

PATRICK ANDERSON

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Treating the Mentally Ill

by Robert Coles

The Blue Cross Association estimates that there are 19 million Americans who need psychiatric care (and three million received it in 1962). With such figures in mind, the last Congress enacted a law proposed by President Kennedy to establish a series of community mental health centers over the nation (Public Law 88-164). Having done that, it refused to provide the funds needed to staff the centers and set them working. Now Lyndon Johnson, in his message to Congress on medical care, has repeated the request – $19.5 million for fiscal '66. If I were an economy-minded congressman I could imagine nothing more wasteful than voting to deny funds that would encourage psychiatrists to take a keener look at problems outside their offices and hospitals. Every piece of evidence at hand shows that when they do, a great many people stay out of mental hospitals or return to them less frequently.

A short 50 years ago the mentally ill were exiled as are the poor today. Since the end of the Second World War, they have been having a much better time of it. Once locked up and ignored, they suddenly were "discovered" and unashamedly allowed to confront us all as the needy people they were. Committees of interested citizens were formed, state legislatures were aroused, and a flow of money, concern and programs eventually began to reach millions of people hitherto lucky if their custodial care was halfway decent. Most recently, Governor Rockefeller has proposed a $500 million program for the construction of facilities for the mentally disturbed and the retarded in New York state, to be located "as close as possible to the people they serve."

With the development of tranquilizers and the increasing availability of individual and group therapy, hospitals are less the life-long repositories for people with "uncontrollable" behavior than they were. More and more patients can be discharged. Many of them, however, soon come back; and in so doing they direct the attention of their doctors to the world outside the hospital. Doctors are learning that they have to give thought to where their discharged patients live, with whom, under what conditions, and with what opportunities or lack of them, if the patients are not going to continually shuttle back and forth. The point is not only to work with those who are acutely ill, but with those who *would* be; and to do so by working right in the communities where illness first takes root, as well as in the offices and hospitals that witness its full-fledged appearance.

As a result, psychiatrists have gradually become involved with social welfare agencies, public health workers, courtrooms and prisons, delinquency projects, schools and colleges, or with officials who plan services for children and formulate laws that touch on health and welfare. Community mental health centers, such as the President proposes, would coordinate all these activities, and would try to make the most efficient use of scarce professional manpower. They would also try to be inventive. For example, in Boston a "home treatment service," working out of a state hospital, has been providing "emergency" aid at home for the mentally ill. The result has been quick help for those who might have waited long weeks for treatment. Such help has prevented the hospitalization of an estimated 50 percent of the people seen. Accompanying this program are halfway houses, rehabilitation workshops and resettlement programs for patients living nearby. In sum, the hospital has turned itself into a community mental health center by reaching out to the troubled people who live around it, as well as trying to help in-patients to *stay* "better" when they leave: that is to live in an atmosphere that draws upon their strengths usefully and tends to shore up their weaknesses.

This sounds obviously sensible; yet many doctors, including psychiatrists, do not like the idea of involving themselves seriously in community problems as they affect individuals. Powerful forces in the medical profession extend to modern psychiatric thought only a grudging tolerance, and shun the application even of medical principles to social and economic problems. (Public health courses in some medical schools carry on at length about vitamin deficiencies, parasitic infestations, or the diseases that rats carry, without the slightest interest in fastening those discussions to human beings living not very far away from the schools.) For psychiatrists to take the lead in behavior that smacks at best of conduct unbecoming a doctor would seem to be a final, confirming proof of their suspicious intentions. The American Medical Association, still

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looking at the 20th Century in some ways as if it were a swarm of locusts aimed at the AMA's garden, has made predictable gestures against community mental health centers. A few weeks ago a resolution, submitted to the AMA by the Council of the Massachusetts Medical Society despite the opposition of Massachusetts' leading psychiatrists, requested that data be collected to justify the community mental health service programs. The resolution was approved by the reference committee of the AMA House of Delegates, and is now being considered by the Board of Trustees. While the doctors say they want more "facts" to "justify" the program, what they really want is to end a program which encourages doctors to advocate social changes that seem clearly related to the health of patients.

Allied with some of the conservative members of the medical profession in such distrust and fear are a good number of psychiatrists who should know better. Some of them simply don't think of psychiatric symptoms as related to the life of the community – to unemployment or to the threat of war, to prejudice or to living in cramped anonymity, to poor school systems, slum tenements and sharecropper cabins, or to the migratory habits of those who harvest our food at the cost of no fixed residence (and little dependable income) for themselves. These are "social problems"; doctors are concerned with symptoms, with treatment of the "sick."

When the community is ignored as not very relevant to symptoms, lives are described in terms which either fail to account for much that happens to people, or else which deny the continuity, unpredictability and ambiguity of human experience. Of course, in a climate that discourages vigorous concern with social injustice, it can be attractive to look exclusively into some kind of private world. The postwar faddish preoccupation in some circles with psychiatry may well find part of its explanation in that option. There are still a few psychiatrists who cling to it, choosing to turn away from what happens in our cities and towns as beyond, or even beneath their concern.

Children of the Poor

When I began the research which has occupied me these past few years, I had just finished my residency and was struggling with this same problem. I started studying Southern children under the stresses of desegregation, but I kept on reminding myself that my job was to document the responses of harassed children. There were children who were faced by mobs, and there were Negro children whom white children were told to avoid. I was to bend every effort to find out how all these different children, white and Negro, handled stress. To do so, I had given a number of years to learning how to draw and play with small children in such a way that I could comprehend their feelings without words, or, in the case of older children, how to ask questions and listen for the same purpose. The history of race relations in the South, the social and political problems facing the two races there, the poverty they share and the region's long-felt sense of exploitation, these and many other problems were all very interesting – in a generous moment I might even call them "background" to my work – but of very little direct concern to that work.

Over a period of months I became puzzled. Symptoms weren't developing in children exposed to an order of intimidation that I had never seen before. I had been treating children for several years, and now I found myself realizing how comparatively fortunate they were, how comfortable their homes were, how excellent their schools. Many of the Negro children I was getting to know came from terribly impoverished homes, their parents badly educated and worn down by years of untreated vitamin deficiencies and diseases. Mothers were tired and moody, fathers brittle and often enough nasty, an alcoholic in this family, a mentally deranged person with a record of hospitalizations in that one. It took meeting them to realize that not all children (and doctors) can take similar problems for granted.

Some of these children in the South simply didn't worry about the same matters that bothered the middle-class children I used to treat. These children who were so very poor, whose homes were often far from ideal psychologically, were managing astonishingly well, even overcoming the shameful disparity between their previous, segregated schooling and the demands of their new schools.

Nor was I having an easy time of it on the other side of the street, talking with white children. I was gaining an increasing awareness of just how longstanding, fixed and severe the prejudices of their parents were, how steadfastly opposed they were to the prospect of Negroes permanently at school with their children. Yet children growing up in such homes, daily exposed to such attitudes from their parents, somehow failed to live up to their inheritance. It seemed a curious kind of childhood that ignored so readily parental opinion and feeling, but Southern white children seemed to have it in large numbers as they accommodated themselves quietly and uneventfully to what seemed like the greatest disaster many of their parents had ever met.

Of course, in a while I began to understand that my own thinking was deficient. I was looking at the minds of those children as beset by impulses from within and pressures from without, my job being to note how they rationalized and denied their fears, concealed

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their tensions or expressed them in a variety of physical symptoms or symbolic processes. That way of thinking did not quite resolve such dilemmas as the exceptional psychological stability of those Negro children – what in their background could possibly account for it? – or the remarkable psychological flexibility, the independence of mind shown by white children whose family life hardly seemed to encourage it or suggest explanations for it. Moreover, most of these children seemed quite ordinary, which may be all the praise they needed and all that I was going to find out about their minds.

Every Day Is New

What was extraordinary was what was happening to the world around them. Some fears can be examined in doctors' offices, while others are grounded in daily life and are hard to modify without some cooperation from the society. In the case of the Negro children, what had been a frightening white world now seemed a beckoning one which was at last ready to offer them opportunities they had long wanted. In the case of the white children, people who were called any name that would make them sound awful were now sitting in class with them and behaving quite normally, so that if they were going to persist with their fears and hatreds they would have to work harder at it than they were generally willing to do. (Fears thrive on themselves, on anticipation; they often subside when actual experience contradicts them.)

In contrast to the conceptual difficulties I was having, the children I knew were having daily experiences to fall back upon. When I asked a girl in Atlanta what gave her the strength to face some of the hurdles she was more than overcoming, she replied: "I don't think anything does. Every day is so new to me that I think I'm building up the strength instead of getting it from some place." She smiled nervously at her own statement, as if she had missed some truth or failed some test she knew I had in my mind. Perhaps at that moment she had, because I was in search of one kind of answer, and she had come up with another. I have since found it hard to match the value of her declaration with any from my particular vocabulary.

A little girl in New Orleans didn't need any words at all to convey the same message. She drew a picture of her home for me, herself in front of it playing with her two brothers. A few minutes later I asked her to draw a picture of her school, a rather badgered one that was still surrounded at that time with angry, loud-mouthed people carrying signs with all kinds of panicky messages on them. She drew the school carefully, then again put herself in front of it, this time without the company of her brothers, but with that of a man I knew to be a federal marshal, and two white children who were her actual and near total company at school at that time. It was all very clear, her story of fear and loneliness – her head was turned around as if afraid of attack from the rear, her eyes were drawn indistinctly in contrast to the first picture, and unlike herself in that one she now had no ears, as if to tell me she tried not to notice and hear what was said about her, but to go ahead as best she could. On the other hand she drew herself much larger than ever before, surrendering all concern for proportion so that she could emerge almost as tall and big as the building.

I eventually commented on that to her; and she naturally had no direct explanation, except to tell me that the school door was wide, and she wanted to make sure she drew herself big enough to go through it. Such child-like thinking has the virtue, often lacking in adult thought, of relevancy to the illogic of the world. She was growing bigger and stronger in relation to what her entrance to that school building meant to her; and that fact was no mere final proof of earlier strength achieved, but in many respects the basis of a new beginning for her, of strength being developed where perhaps it simply never was because it never could be.

And so the "New South" – one of those socio-economic abstractions about community and regional life – became for such children an enabling, a healing psychological experience. Southern youth of both races and radically different ideological persuasions can be seen having similar experiences. Deeply committed segregationist youths find the emotional attitudes of their parents contradicted by what they see happening around them; a Negro classmate scoring well on a hard test, or speaking quite as sensibly as they do in class. Without relinquishing their spoken faith (that always comes last) they justify their new deeds: "We have to live with it, it's here to stay." Such new-found psychological resilience or at the very least resignation was not always possible for these children.

As for what I have seen in rural Mississippi families, it has been a continuing lesson in how apparently apathetic, frightened people can show – to their own surprise as well as everyone else's – hopefulness and boldness. Any volunteers who taught school in those towns and farming communities last summer can list the psychological changes in both themselves and their students – who ranged from young children to their elderly grandparents – as a result of the whole effort and the atmosphere produced.

What all these examples are meant to show is what many of us in psychiatry are gradually appreciating: our concern with the intricacies of human motivation and behavior ought to place us right in the middle of a concern about the kind of world people live in. In addition to the more private experiences within the

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family, we are all influenced, and our health determined, by the world we grow to find our own, so that in time that world affects the words we use, the thoughts we have, the way we speak, the food we eat, the very physical integrity (or lack of it) of our teeth, sight and hearing, what we expect from life and how we look at ourselves and value (or fail to) our worth. It takes a willful person, and at the very least a willful psychiatrist, to fail to see the relevance of racism and poverty, or harshly competitive affluence, for those studying and trying to heal troubled people.

Psychiatrists today face a choice: to venture into the community and accept its trials as very much part of the life of the mind, or seek after an arbitrary definition of their work that may keep them comfortable but increasingly bankrupt. Like psychiatrists, our congressmen have a similar choice to make all during this session, the community mental health centers being part of the general issue of whether or not we intend to work for a better world for more people.

University Bosses

The Executive Conquest of Academe

by Robert Presthus

Half a century ago Thorstein Veblen concluded in *The Higher Learning in America* that administrative control of our universities was inapposite to many educational values. Perhaps his own unhappy career was living testimony to this condition. Veblen argued that management's spirit of caution and compromise was not always compatible with the university's needs for free inquiry and disinterest. He deplored the extent to which "the prestige value of conspicuous consumption has come to a greater currency in academic policy." With customary foresight he noted that faculty men might well turn their "best attention in the day's work to administrative duties and schoolmasterly discipline, rather than to the increase of knowledge."

I shall argue that these conditions have been aggravated since Veblen's time. Not only have the costs of administration risen disproportionately, but its underlying values have crystallized until only a major effort can turn them aside.

I am concerned here with conditions in some 45 major universities, which have 40 percent of all students and about half of all faculty members. Within this group, one must differentiate between some dozen excellent private schools, with their relatively free intellectual climate, and the huge state universities, which despite their vast resources do not always provide a satisfactory intellectual milieu. Even the best of them have built-in limitations that make it extremely difficult to provide a model climate. At any moment some legislative lunatic or thoughtless trustee is likely to invade the campus, demanding a loyalty oath or a winning football team. Their great size and utilitarian ethic harden this situation.

As Lazarsfeld and Thielens have shown (*The Academic Mind*, 1960), alienation among faculty members is associated with size: the bigger the school, the more anxiety among faculty men and the more tension between administration and faculty. However muted or ignored, conflict between academic and administrative men is common in our big universities. In their survey of some 375 academic men in 9 first-rate universities, Caplow and McGee (*The Academic Marketplace*, 1958), found "an extraordinarily high incidence of conflict. . . ." If this is so in the best schools, one can imagine conditions among the majority where administrative control is even more pervasive.

Let me say at the outset that most reasonable men agree that *some* administration is necessary. Nor is conflict necessarily bad. I am concerned, however, with the aggrandizement of university administration and resulting inroads upon intellectual values. Indeed, the well-known drift whereby organizations tend to become diverted from their true ends is painfully apparent in the higher learning. Perhaps the gap between the other-worldly ideals of the university, its need for diversity and the toleration of ambiguity, and the de-

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mands of administration for order and predictability, makes such a displacement inevitable.

One cannot, however, speak of a simple faculty-administration dichotomy. A more complex alignment exists in which the majority of faculty men face a small band of administrators and their faculty allies. A small but significant proportion of faculty men share administrative values of power and prestige. If a mark of intelligence is the ability to accommodate to one's environment, perhaps they are merely validating Darwin's thesis. In any event, they build little fiefdoms within their own departments, meanwhile keeping a keen eye out for wider conquests, since growth is a critical motive.

Firmly place-bound, such men have read every history of the institution; fundamentally conservative, they honor local lore about the superhuman wisdom of its founders. Consummate "locals" whose self-images and career aspirations are tied to their home base, their values include loyalty, compromise, and a Panglossian optimism. And of these loyalty is paramount. Often masters of busywork, their major theater of interest and action is committees, curriculum, planning, memoranda, and academic pomp and ceremony. In large measure, memberships on university committees are exchanged on a co-optative basis by this presidium.

This self-selection means that committees will tend to have a remarkably happy view of the status quo. Faculty salary committees may thus include men with independent incomes, who, like the conservative who could not understand that liberals may have felt constrained during the McCarthy era, feel that salaries are really not bad. And, in any event, no one is really in this game for money. These men provide a vital link between the sometimes heavy-handed administrator and faculty members who often have an almost feminine dread of conflict and rather compelling dependency needs. Administrative policies are thus shaped in academic frames of reference. And since academic statesmen are often articulate and sophisticated, problems are often defined in ways that obscure or exclude conflict. An academic freedom case, for example, rarely occurs, simply because such is rarely included among going premises. The man was not a good teacher; his research was not really up to par; personal qualities, after all, are vital; he had been here only six years, etc. Simpler souls who see issues clear-cut are often out-maneuvered by the parliamentary expertise, experience, and seniority of the home guard.

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These academicians *qua* administrators revere our dominant values of status, prestige and power; they venerate the authority of knowledge far less than the authority of rank. Their respect for power and their surprise that others might recognize its configurations, yet not defer to them, are constants. If they are to some extent used, they collaborate willingly enough, and find their reward in feelings of shared power and the approval of those who run the university. They rarely include men who are very productive academically, and their limited marketability binds them ever more closely to their administrative masters. As Logan Wilson notes, "those who disperse largesse are certain to make dependents, if not create disciples, for much of the academician's immediate welfare, irrespective of his technical competence, depends on administrative policy and how he fits into the scheme of things."

Parents Get Shortchanged

Such men prosper in the academic arena, if only because organizations require all kinds of skills. They enjoy the goodwill of administrators, who love agreeable pedants who write cheerful books celebrating the pluralism of our democracy and the freedom of our enterprise. Such men instance their practical wisdom by deferring to the marketplace values that characterize most big universities. They endorse the curious phenomenon whereby the true purposes of the university, teaching and research, are more or less subtly downgraded in favor of its housekeeping activities. An equally ironic displacement of roles follows: professors achieve status by becoming administrators, while administrators affect the hallmarks of Academe.

But let us turn to the costs, economic and psychic, of administrative aggrandizement. Higher education now provides our major instrument of social mobility; it produces the trained minds necessary for national growth. Some deviants even suggest that it is justifiable for such intrinsic goods as self-realization, intellectual growth, and artistic appreciation. Certainly, if its claims for public support are to be honored, the vast resources devoted to it ought to be used as effectively as possible in its job of turning out new knowledge and educated men. One is almost tempted to say that university administration is too important to be left to administrators. My own view is that parents are to some extent shortchanged by the present system, which spends too many resources on educationally irrelevant matters.

First, some examples of bare money costs. Consider the cost of faculty turnover contingent upon the "hire 'em and fire 'em" policies of the larger, mainly state, universities. (More sensitive to the subtle implications of events, the better private universities abhor turn-

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over, except at junior levels, where, prestige being what it is, both individual and institution can benefit. The individual enters the job arena armed with a hallowed name; the institutions enjoy the implication that many are called but few chosen.) From August, 1956 through June, 1959, according to official university figures, Michigan State University, one of the public Leviathans, lost over 524 of a total faculty of 1200 – a 44 percent turnover during a three-year period.

While no precise standards exist for "high" or "low" turnover, the loss of over 500 faculty members in three years is impressive, particularly when one considers the disruption of academic programs and the psychic costs for those who leave as well as for those who remain. Let us assume that the cost of replacing each of these men (some of whom, of course, left for reasons not related to our inquiry) at $500, which includes the need to interview at least two, and perhaps several replacements for each post, the faculty time involved in seeing them, etc. Nor should we overlook the salary increment which offers will inspire at their home university. This works out roughly at $250,000 for the three years, enough to provide four new vice presidents, eight senior faculty men, or 50,000 books. Meanwhile, there are reports that Michigan state government is hard pressed for money.

Another cost is the financial burden imposed by endless administrative offices, some created to administer foundation and federal research grants, others to fill the status aspirations of university housekeepers, most of whom apparently require vice presidencies to indulge their conceits. As Harvard economist Seymour Harris says, "What is especially striking is the large proportion of the increased costs [of higher education] to be charged to nonacademic salaries; though nonacademic employees were only two-thirds as numerous as faculty members, their pay rose so much more that they contributed one-third more to the inflation of outlays for institutions of higher learning."

Professors Have To Eat

Costs stem too from the common failure of administrators to make qualitative distinctions among professors, and to reward them accordingly. Bureaucratic standards of seniority and across-the-board pay increments characterize most university reward systems. This, of course, is the easy way out. Administrators pride themselves on their toughmindedness, but this policy, at least, violates that self-image. As a result, other-than-routine increases in rank and income are often denied productive men *until* they present administrators with an ultimatum in the form of an offer from another institution. Alienation follows on the part of that creative minority who largely bring to the university the qualities that honor it. Meanwhile, the mildly cynical job-offer ploy has become part of academic gamesmanship, again adding to costs.

Talented men will be unlikely to trust their careers to a system with these ground-rules. The quaint view of academics as fumbling idealists, unsullied by crass concerns of prestige and income, may provide a rationalizing function, but it is clearly out of context. The number of Ph.D.'s going into academic work has been steadily declining: in 1930, only 18 percent of them took nonacademic jobs, but by 1956 fully 35 percent entered other fields. Nine thousand Ph.D.'s are produced each year, but only three out of five now become teachers. In 1953-54, over 30 percent of new, full-time university teachers had doctorates; only three years later this proportion had dropped to 23 percent. The remaining 77 percent may teach long and well; they may be as bright as their mentors; but they are unable to give teaching first priority, harassed as they must be with getting their own degrees and the burdens of family life. Inevitably, they lack experience. As Wellington, reviewing similarly green recruits, remarked, "They may not frighten the enemy, but by God, they frighten me."

This condition results in one of the most pressing issues of university education today: the use of teaching assistants to handle the "sections" into which large undergraduate courses are divided. Such courses meet three times a week; one meeting, the lecture, is handled by an established man (if possible, a "star") in the field. Since the "star" becomes such by research and writing, he cannot teach very much; hence sections are taught by doctoral candidates whose first priority can rarely be students. This is a difficult problem, given the number of students crammed into most major universities. It could be eased, however, by hiring more regular faculty members, whose experience and knowledge would give the student more of what he came for. But such an alternative requires a shift in values away from new buildings, public relations, athletics, and related extra-academic trivia which too often dominate the administrative mind. A fraction of the money spent on the huge piles of bricks and mortar now rising on every campus would be sufficient to ease this problem. Such conditions underlie my belief that parents do not always get full returns for the sacrifices many are making to educate their children.

Another unhappy result of administrative imperialism is the displacement of intellectual values by those of the marketplace. Power, publicity, consulting service to powerful outside groups, and "practical" research compete strongly with traditional goals. The notion that administrators alone really speak for the university, the ramifications of their roles by all kinds of ceremonial paraphernalia, their monopoly of initiative

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in university affairs – all tend to weaken academic roles and values. Administrators prefer charming, sensitive, dependent, loyal faculty members and such criteria now compete with professional standards in appointments and promotions. The effects include a subtle demoralization among the most committed of faculty men. Faculty disenchantment weakens the desire to do hard, disciplined work.

The president of the Carnegie Foundation, John Gardner, says that the current teaching shortage reflects the "crassest opportunism in grantmanship, job-hopping, and wheeling-dealing" by academic buccaneers who thereby disenchant potential recruits. Since it is the foundations themselves that largely provide the grants which inspire the grantmanship, as well as some of the attractive career alternatives which encourage the job-hopping, the argument seems mildly ingenuous. A better explanation of the teaching shortage is the declining attractiveness of academic work resulting from administrative inroads on the professional independence of highly self-conscious men. Let me offer two examples, both from a major private university. In several instances men recommended for tenure by their colleagues have had this judgment set aside by administrators on grounds that apparently include irrelevant criteria such as personal appearance and conventionality. The point here of course is the wild incongruity of one's professional peers being overruled by men who do not have, and cannot be expected to have, the knowledge to make such judgments. Such practices not only violate the very meaning of the term professional, they reduce talented men to the status of hired hands. They also beg the question: why should bright young men spend eight to ten years in the university preparing for a career with such capricious ground-rules?

Another case involving similarly arbitrary decision-making happened recently at a major private university which spends a great deal of time congratulating itself on the autonomy enjoyed by its faculty. This case, which might be called, "The Perils of Sabbatical Leave," concerns a senior faculty member whose dean removed him from teaching in a basic course, without consultation. The man concerned had an established reputation in his field (at the time of this administrative crime, he was a Fellow of the Social Research Council). The dean's motives were extra-professional, involving the professor's personality, political values, and his policy toward students. The clash between administrative and academic values is dramatically evident here. The dean was extremely sensitive to student opinion, while the professor was known to demand a great deal from his students. During the eight years he had taught the course, the length of his reading list and the rigor of his marking had become legendary. Some peculiar deficiency of insight, moreover, made him quite independent and even iconoclastic in his teaching and writing. There is some evidence that he had taken seriously the speeches on academic freedom given by university presidents. His greatest blindness, however, concerned his attitude toward university administration, which he failed to honor as the truly vital element in higher education. He apparently believed that administrators were a kind of housekeeper, necessary, yes, but charged mainly with clearing the decks for academic action.

This awkward inability to honor administrative values of power, conventionality, and happy public (student-customer) relations culminated in his purge. In the process, other faculty members received an object lesson in the virtues of obedience and positive thinking. The students are happier, but one wonders if they are wiser. The professor has since left the department for a better post, and the university has lost a highly productive man. Meanwhile, one hears on every hand that good men are hard to find.

How the Europeans Do It

It is at least doubtful whether such values and the offices they inspire have much to do with higher learning. The great European universities have no such top-heavy superstructure. They have even managed to survive for several hundred years without presidents. Perhaps our practices are a cultural artifact reflecting the high overhead costs of business in a rich society. If someone argues that universities today are a "business," which require business-like leaders, ask him how the Europeans do it.

Parents must be educated. Most of them do not know that too much of the university's administrative paraphernalia is not only unnecessary but perhaps detrimental to their children's intellectual growth. I grant that some parents regard higher education as a mobility prize and are not really concerned with quality, but we must try to save them from themselves.

The present concept of the university as an entertainment facility and marriage mart must be changed. The related and apparently endless expansion of state universities under the sophist "democratic" rationale of degrees for everyone can only be slowed by an intelligent public opinion. It *is* possible to differentiate between entertainment and education, and to show that a shining building is less significant than a first-rate library or faculty. Among the big institutions I am generalizing about, physical plant, libraries, athletic fields, etc., are already overdeveloped; it is their investment in human beings, both faculty and students, which lags.

If it is true that one only appreciates what he pays

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for, an end to the subsidy now given (mainly by faculty members through low salaries) to students in the form of cheap tuition is in order. Students now pay only about 60-70 percent of the costs of their education. In the prestige schools, at least, they can very well afford to pay the full fare. The income could be used to raise faculty salaries, which are notoriously low, and even more important, to ease the teaching assistant problem.

Insofar as the present administrative mania reflects the thrust toward military science and attending federal influence (50 percent of the University of California, Berkeley's annual budget now comes from the Atomic Energy Commission), perhaps we need separate technical universities or centers which would reduce this great and dampening influence upon social studies. The latter are in danger of being suffocated by militarily-relevant research.

There is nothing sacred about the present system in which the hard sciences, medicine, and engineering receive the lion's share of resources because they best serve the practical needs of interests outside the university. A more equitable balance ought to be found, in which social and humanistic studies would receive the support they deserve. Curbing the present emphasis on administration would be a good beginning.

What's Wrong With Our Students?

A brand-new pamphlet, published by the Association of Higher Education of the National Education Association, is called *Toward Better Preparation of College and University Administrators*, and it is yours for one dollar.

The pamphlet is a partial transcript of a conference held under the auspices of the AHE of the NEA. It consists of contributions by a panel of leading administrators, and – happily – they all agree: If we want better administrators we must pick them early; we must train them professionally; we must prepare them in spirit, in order that they can develop the characteristics of the Ideal Administrator.

What are these characteristics? First and foremost, according to David D. Henry, president of the University of Illinois, the administrator must get over his sense of shame about his calling. He must come to see that administration is an "academic specialization" just as good as any other; he must come to believe in "administration per se." James W. Stevens, Director of Planning at Dartmouth, notes that "a college is a rather complex institution requiring the same kinds of skills of management that are also needed in the corporate world." The point is rubbed in a third time by Ellis F. White, chairman of the Department of Higher Education of New York University. "If you would ask me what it is I look for when I look for an executive, it wouldn't make any difference whether I was looking for an executive for higher education or a corporation or some other organization. I would look for a person who can conceptualize – this has to do with this high degree of ability to keep 10 balls in the air at the same time and not drop any of them."

The most important relationship for the administrator to establish and to maintain is his relationship with his fellow administrators. "The chief executive must be a team leader," according to Ewald B. Nyquist, Deputy Commissioner of Education of the University of the State of New York; "he must be able to work with other administrators." William J. L. Wallace, president of the West Virginia State College, concurs: "To be successful, every member of this administrative team . . . must have some idea as to the role of the team." And Mr. White adds that teams consist of people. "We could get along fine in institutions if it weren't for people," he says, "for they get in the way of decisions." Therefore: "A good administrator needs to posses a knowledge of interpersonal sensitivity." Or to put it in President Henry's words: "Not the least important in understanding his job, is coming to some intuitive or articulated appreciation of the dynamics of group activity – that is, what makes for institutional thrust."

In the 33 pages of this pamphlet, there is only one word I cannot find; that is the word "student."

Before I read this pamphlet, I wondered why the students of Berkeley staged a sit-in last December. Now I am wondering why the demonstration did not spread across the nation. Our institutions of higher learning resemble General Motors plants in size and spirit; their administrators think and talk like GM executives. Why should not the students begin to think like members of the United Automobile Workers?

DANIEL HOLLOWELL

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FDR's Prophet of Gloom

by Andrew Kopkind

There are many good ways to write memoirs, and the easiest is to have someone else do the job. It eliminates messy problems of subjectivity and narrowness of view, and it increases the chances of a blemish-free portrait of the hero at work. It also helps to mask the more appalling elements of the diarist's style. In these endeavors, Professor Blum has been more than modestly successful, but his long non-memoir of the career of Henry Morgenthau, Jr. could have compelled keener interest if he had not painted out all the warts.

Years of Urgency 1938-1941
(From the Morgenthau Diaries)
by John Morton Blum
(Houghton Mifflin; $7.50)

With this volume, the second of a projected trilogy of Morgenthaviana, we are at mid-passage in the Treasury Secretary's New Deal adventure. The sudsy days of economic experiment, which never did suit his conventional nature, are over, and we resume with Morgenthau trying to convince an isolationist country and a political President to defend the world against fascism. His duties were essentially economic, but his commitment to the Allied cause led him increasingly to play a political role. Morgenthau's best job-description was written by his antagonistic colleague, Assistant War Secretary Louis Johnson: "After all," Johnson once told him, "you are really the assistant President."

Morgenthau was properly preoccupied with the seedling wars in Europe and the Far East; there was very little steam left in the social revolution which Franklin Roosevelt had been making for the past five years. In 1938 and 1939 Morgenthau was fleetingly concerned with reconstruction of the still depressed economy, but his prescriptions were far from radical. He wanted very much to reassure business that its part in recovery was of paramount importance. Morgenthau's rather snooty sense of social responsibility did not fail him; he never lost interest in relief for "the lower third." But his trust in the ability of the government to build the nation's economy and end the depression was not noticeably profound. The President and those whom Morgenthau contemptuously called "the so called New Dealers, the Corcorans and the Cohens," were not particularly enthusiastic about tax cuts and favors for business, but the Secretary pressed on with his plans. At one point, Roosevelt showed signs of exasperation: "I think that sign you have on your desk, 'Does it contribute to recovery' is very stupid," he told Morgenthau. The Secretary was crestfallen; then as he and an aide started to leave, Roosevelt called after them, "For God's sakes, don't be innocent."

The advice was not followed. While others were looking desperately for an excuse to ignore Hitler, Morgenthau stared straight into the inferno with a fierce political innocence that finally galvanized support. As much or more than anyone in the Administration, Morgenthau foresaw the deadly progress of Hitlerism, but for his perception, he had to fight off his fainthearted colleagues as well as the America Firsters. Even his courage was suspect; he had to vow that if ever the fact of his Jewishness seemed to influence his executive decisions, he would resign.

He worked inside and around the Neutrality Act and the arms embargo, wheedling aid for China and planes for France, blocking the German takeover of Allied investments in the US after the European democracies fell, pushing Lend-Lease and destroyers for Britain. The purchasing agent for the British and French, Arthur B. Purvis, practically camped out in Morgenthau's office, and the Secretary put up with delays and obstructions of Cabinet members, congressmen, and generals to get war matériel for what he considered "America's first line of defense." The goat of the years of mobilization was Cordell Hull, and the villain was Secretary of War Harry H. Woodring; things didn't start to improve until Henry Stimson took Woodring's place.

Then Morgenthau's efforts to supply arms to the Allies began to pay off. Roosevelt put him in charge of the early mobilization. Somehow the Secretary's fine administrative sense pointed unerringly to solutions of the frustrating problems of aircraft engine production, finance without credit, and accords with unpleasant allies. Roosevelt wisely chose Morgenthau to stockpile the "Arsenal of Democracy," and in the process he let his Secretary absorb many of the political shocks that mobilization produced.

The "urgency" of those years might have been more pointedly conveyed if the diary extracts were not laced with long sections about the purchase of tung oil, or detailed lists of how many of various kinds of weapons Purvis requested in 1940 ("12,000 Lewis .30 caliber machine guns, about 7,000 Vickers machine guns, some 2,600 Marlin tank machine guns, etc."). It may sound more tedious than urgent, but readers of the history of the period can be grateful that the full "diaries," consisting of 800 bound volumes of memorabilia, have not been published. They are stored at the Roosevelt Library at Hyde Park.

Professor Blum has wisely summoned Tmesis, the Muse of Excerption, to lead the way through all this raw history and undiluted prose. The resulting story of Morgenthau and his era is covered with three-dot breaks and parenthetical explanations, but at least it has a kind of narrative coherence. The Secretary himself comes off as a somewhat stiff, basically humani-

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THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING BLACK
by Frank Moraes

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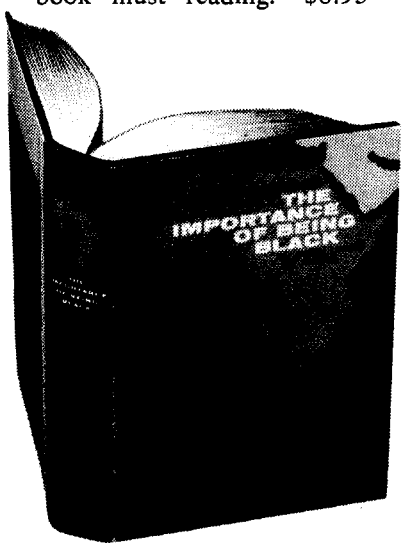

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tarian, thoroughly humorless, and half-believed prophet of gloom, but not doom. Despite his murky manner, Morgenthau had a greatness of spirit which even his memorialist could not entirely undermine.

For all their encyclopedic completeness, these unleavened extracts of unpolished diaries, memos, notes, and jottings (one suspects the volumes include old ticket stubs, menus, and pressed carnations) are useful chiefly as a synopsis of the years they cover, and that without very much flavor. In them, there are only dim suggestions of the reality of people and relationships. Professor Blum shies from exploring the lives of Morgenthau and his colleagues, perhaps because he fears that what he finds will be unmanageable as history. Surely all those boisterous and brittle New Dealers, caught in the cataclysmic events of their lives, behaved more expressively than the reading and retelling of the Morgenthau diaries suggests. History after all is where you find it, in a politician's mind no less than in his memoranda. And despite the suspicion most academic historians have of biography, men's lives are usually more instructive than their words.

Rosenberg and his Tower of Babel

by Elisabeth Stevens

Harold Rosenberg, essayist-historian of art-as-it-happens, is a critic who loves movements. A sharp and sometimes amusing writer, he can capsule works astringently. ("A half-painter-half-embroiderer laid beads in his drips.") However, art itself is mere source material for Rosenberg's critical Tower of Babel which builds upon itself – categorizing, explaining, criti-

The Anxious Object
by Harold Rosenberg
(Horizon; $7.50)

cizing, philosophizing – aiming toward cosmic certainties while constructing confusion. The tower of words is a metaphysical monstrosity which defines art only by "replacing" it.

Rosenberg's model movement, documented by paintings and sketches, is American Abstract Painting. Arshile Gorky, (to whom Rosenberg has already devoted a book), Willem de Kooning and Hans Hofmann are among the model artists. On the solid achievements of such painters, Rosenberg designs a lofty aesthetic which, taken literally, says the Action Painter is a mime actor who, after a suitable period of subservience to art history, approaches a canvas as if it were a ballet stage and lets his hand, arm, shoulder, etc., move around with the brush. This epic experience is not seen by the public unless an art magazine happens to document it in a series of photographs. By the time the art audience gets to the "theater," the artist has gone on to play The Modern or The Palace, and there is nothing on stage but footprints – the archaeological record of an art-action – left to be written up by critics, purchased by collectors and studied by neophyte-artists hoping to become "dancers."

The artist, we are told, is both historian and history maker. Action Painting "is a real action, comparable to crossing an ocean or fighting a battle." It is "a performance, which like an event in history is enlarged in retrospect." In painting, the artist records psychic tensions. "For the unseen universe that inhabits us, an accidental blot or splash may thus assume an equivalent to the profoundest happening. . . ." It becomes possible then for Barnett Newman to describe a painting as: "a living thing, a vehicle for an abstract thought-complex, a carrier of awesome feelings . . . therefore real."

Saul Steinberg, in whose drawings Rosenberg finds analogies to the situation of his painters, has pictured lines which rise from the canvas to become the artist's surroundings. Similarly, the Action Painter is said to be immersed in his painting, his "situation," one might say, being a little like that of a lizard who eats the end of his own tail and leaves the residue of his digestive processes to the world as

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a "real thing" of "cosmic" significance.

Seriously now, what is an artist to do when confronted by such an aesthetic? Although these ideas have echoed through the empty halls of criticism for years, do painters believe them? Rosenberg's aesthetic recalls "The Emperor's New Clothes." As stories *in* paintings have diminished, stories *about* them have increased; now naked forms, shapes and colors are dressed in an elaborate mantle of metaphysical maggots.

What painter, even if he writes, needs to become an authority on the nature of his "actions?" Rosenberg himself says if the artist becomes obsessed with the significance of his actions on canvas, "art has assumed the character of a fetish by which his personality is ruled in the act of painting but which leaves him scattered when it departs." It was long customary for critics, the author admits, to describe de Kooning as "desperate." And no wonder! Picture a fictional Rosenberg Action Painter on an "inactive" day. Is his painting valueless if he is only tiredly but enjoyably producing non-cosmic pink splashes on blue? – or copying moving lights and shadows on the wall? Can a sculptor "get into" molten metal as a painter "gets into" his canvases? What if (apocalyptic day) the painter's experience on canvas resembles not an abstraction – but a coke bottle?

This leads to those for whom Rosenberg has little sympathy – the social realists, primitives, folk artists, Pop artists. "The obstacle to realism in American painting," he says, "is that there have been too many kinds, each arising from an individually acquired way of seeing. Reality, or the sense of it, depends on a unified style shared by the artist and the community; a continuing tradition makes *any* style realistic, for it effects a single way of feeling and looking that gives human shape to the environment." Rosenberg dislikes realism– from Hopper to Pop – because it is not necessarily in history or about history. One artist may choose from, copy, or just present what he has seen during a walk, a trip to a museum, or a dream. Such selections seldom form satisfactorily unified styles – much less global movements. But style, which Rosenberg finds so important, cannot establish a common reality – only a common illusion.

Not abstraction, but the theories which have accompanied it have helped to produce the vacuity of the contemporary scene which Rosenberg so sharply delineates. Art today, he says, consists of a Vanguard Audience of critics, buyers, curators and viewers which was spawned by the 1913 Armory Show and has become an unshockable monster of historic and histrionic proportions – an insatiable consumer of The New whether fresh (real paintings), or frozen (reproductions, art books), or dehydrated (criticism).

Abstract art, Mr. Rosenberg proudly points out, is the first American style to grow to global influence. It has been copied in Australia and exhibited in Sao Paulo. Admitting that global art can be dangerously academic, he remains impressed by "its development of a universal aesthetic vocabulary and . . . its promise of a united human culture at some time to come." But if the "universal aesthetic vocabulary" is what he saw at the Sixth Bienal at Sao Paulo – works sponsored without sincere involvement by nations eager to be *au courant* in art as well as the arms race – the universal language is already a dead one.

Rosenberg suggests that a remedy for "the prevailing lack of content in art" could come "through the concrete consciousness of individuals which is inseparable from experiences of time and place, even though these may not be recognizable in the work." But what is wrong about "recognizable" time and place?

No style is in itself good or bad, and an influential style is no guarantee of good art. But when a style, with the aid of mass media, is grafted to a pretentious and invasive aesthetic, the time has come for the artist to remove himself from sterilizing explanations, criticisms and pseudo-historical movements. He must retreat from art to life. He must join Barnett Newman in proclaiming that "aesthetics is for the artist as ornithology is for the birds." The first requirement for the artist remains what it has always been – to open his eyes.

Conflict and Decision-Making in Soviet Russia

A Case Study of Agricultural Policy

By SIDNEY I. PLOSS. Agricultural policy, a constant preoccupation of Soviet leadership, impinges on the crucial questions of governing and allocating resources. By analyzing the great grain crisis, the nation's farm machinery, and the role of Neo-Stalinists in agricultural decisions, the author offers challenging new insights into Soviet political processes. 320 pp., $6.50

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Princeton University Press

PUBLISHERS OF THE PAPERS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON

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"A Little Liberal... or a Little Conservative"

by Gerald W. Johnson

Mr. Novak has written a careful, comprehensive, lucid, substantially accurate technical treatise on a political operation that was brilliantly successful in every respect except that the patient died. Thus while it may be of absorbing interest to politicians and other specialists, it is flawed by a certain irrelevance in the eyes of the generality.

The Agony of the GOP 1964
by Robert D. Novak
(Macmillan; $6.95)

It is a highly plausible account of how Barry Goldwater won the Republican nomination in 1964. But it stops at the convention; and the matter of interest to the general reader is not how Goldwater won the nomination, but why the nomination was not worth a plugged nickel after he won it. Mr. Novak's explanation is that the party was split and a united party is essential to a successful campaign.

But that won't wash. Lyndon Johnson won certainly the third and possibly the second most tremendous victory in the history of American politics. In 1820 Monroe lost one electoral vote to his opponent. In 1936 Roosevelt lost eight. In 1964 it can be plausibly argued that Johnson lost only five to his formal opponent, the rest having been won by Jim Crow running as Goldwater's proxy. Yet Johnson swept to victory at the head of the most discordant, heterogeneous army that the world has seen since Falstaff marched through Shrewsbury.

It wasn't disunity, it was antiquity that caused Goldwater to march his party "through a slaughter-house to an open grave." His political thinking had come as far as 1882, the year in which W. S. Gilbert noted that

> ... Every boy and every gal
> That's born into this world alive
> Is either a little Liberal
> Or else a little Conservative ...

and had not come far enough to note the rise of the enormous class of suburban white-collar workers, ruthless, hard-boiled and somewhat successful status seekers. They are neither liberal nor conservative. They are realists. They look with an equally fishy eye on the union leader and the tycoon; and they know that the "rugged individualism" that might have been a great virtue on the frontier is a malignant growth in urban life. Since most of the country is now urban, this is the prevailing opinion.

An attentive reading of Novak's book is instructive, if depressing. It exposes ruthlessly the extreme difficulty our leaders have in keeping up with their followers. This is most conspicuous in, but not confined to the Republican Party; the Democrats have some "leaders" whose thinking lags behind Goldwater's. Fortunately for that party, these antiques have been kept in a subordinate position. Unfortunately for the Republican Party, all efforts to do that were defeated.

Not explicitly and perhaps not quite voluntarily, Novak shows that the Old Man of the Sea who prevented such action was Eisenhower. Time and again when some figure, Rockefeller, Lodge, Scranton, threatened to take corrective action, Eisenhower jerked the rug from under him. Novak believes that he did this, not of his own volition, but was lashed into it by the other Humphrey – George – a fossil relic of neolithic politics, but apparently with a sort of hypnotic control over Ike. Be that as it may, it was done.

The upshot was that the party nominated the head of a splinter group, larger, but at the polls hardly more effective than the Prohibition, Socialist-Workers, and Independent Afro-American parties. The chief difference was that Goldwater's splinter group had the lungs of Stentor and barrels of cash contributed by millionaire troglodytes. Novak insists that they were effective because they also had an idea; but so had the Socialists, the Prohibitionists, and the Vegetarians, all of which parties have failed because, like Disraeli's fictional character, they had only one idea and that was wrong.

The idea that Goldwater presented was that the political philosophy to which the American electorate has adhered consistently for 30-odd years – with one deviation in 1952, hastily corrected in 1954 when Congress was returned to the Democrats – is not only wrong but moronic. He announced his purpose to reverse the history of the past 30 years, implying that the people who made that history were imbeciles. Yet they were the people whose votes he sought.

Novak asserts and, as this reader believes, demonstrates that Goldwater did not capture a major political party by bribery or trickery, except to the extent that conventional politics is always tricky. He played the game according to the rules and with remarkable skill. Since the result was utter ruin, the lesson is plain.

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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Andrew Kopkind *has just joined the staff of* The New Republic. Elisabeth Stevens *is a young novelist.*

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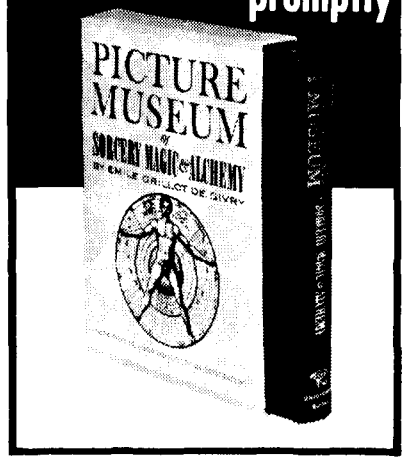

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FILMS

An Artist Advances

With Michelangelo Antonioni's new film, *Red Desert*, the art of the film advances. This masterly creator has, in all his films shown here, opened new possibilities. Now, with his first use of color and with other elements, he further enlarges our vision of what a film can be and do.

The story chiefly concerns Giuliana, the young wife of Ugo, an electronics

Red Desert (Rizzoli)

engineer in Ravenna. They have a boy of four or five. Corrado, another engineer, visits Ugo to recruit skilled workers for a job in South America. Ugo tells him that Giuliana has recently been in an auto accident, was not badly hurt, but is still suffering from shock. (In fact, as we learn, it was a suicide attempt, and the "shock" is her explanation to Ugo of her state of mind.) During Corrado's stay in Ravenna, he visits a shop that Giuliana is going to open, to occupy herself; asks her to accompany him when he drives out to interview a worker; goes on a party in a seaside shack with her and Ugo and friends. All through this, it is apparent that Giuliana is living on her nerve-ends, trying desperately to become "normal," to become *something*. Ugo has to leave for some days on business, and during this time their little boy has a short episode of fancied paralysis. When this passes, Giuliana's disquiet does not pass, it is increased. She goes out, more or less purposefully to Corrado's hotel. They make love. Later, after they part, she wanders aboard a ship, encounters a Turkish sailor, has a brief, pathetic, disconnected conversation with him, neither one understanding the other. In the last scene she is walking with her little son outside Ugo's factory. The boy asks her why the smoke from a certain chimney is yellow. She says it is a warning that it is poisonous. Doesn't it kill the birds? he asks. By now, she says, the birds know about it and don't fly through it. They walk out of the film, and it ends.

The story is both dry and full, austere and intense. It is a series of incidents with sufficient but minimal connection, not cumulative drama of well-made scenes; yet each of these terse incidents is more than a skin-and-bones gesture (à la Bresson), it is implicative and revealing. Antonioni has always been interested in symbology. His method here is not – as it has been – first, to try to move us in new ways and, second, to have the symbols beneath the emotion resonate within us: it is to hold us, to fascinate us into reading the hieroglyphics he has unearthed, dating from the mid-20th Century. The figures on these tablets suffer, embrace, reject, but their actions weave a second symbolic language that is the primary meaning and effect.

Or, in another figure, the story is not placed in the usual dramatic topography of valleys and mountains. It takes place entirely on the heights of character and action; thus the gradations, as in any view above the clouds, are only the relatively slight ones among peaks. Though these gradations are thus more subtle than if one were looking up from far below, they are nevertheless there. But a film that begins and continues at this high altitude makes assumptions between you and itself – about the valleys of character detail and the slopes of plot cumulation. Admittedly the atmosphere of the heights is perhaps a bit chilly, but it stings and clarifies.

The setting of the new industrial town and Giuliana's neurotic state help to illuminate each other. The Ravenna we see is a manufacturing seaport. (All through the film, ships pass in the background.) But by his vistas of factories, inside and out, of new dwellings, of radar installations, even of slag heaps, Antonioni is not making any trite charge of ugliness in the modern world. He is searching out the new life in it, the means of living in it. He has jarred Giuliana into a state of shock to make her hypersensitive – like a clairvoyant of change, of a means to accept life as it is and as it is going to be. In his press conference at the 1964 Venice Festival (where *Red Desert* won the Golden Lion) Antonioni said: "The story was born when I went to Ravenna, which I had not seen for some time. The film was born on the spot and the color was born with it – the industrial ambience of the film." In an interview (with Jean-Luc Godard) in the November 1964 *Cahiers du Cinema*, he says further:

> "My intention . . . was to express the beauty of this world where even the factories can be very beautiful . . . . The line, the curves of the factories and their chimneys are perhaps more beautiful than a line of trees, of which the eye has already seen too much. It is a rich world, lively, useful. For me, I try to say that the sort of neuroticism which one sees in *Red Desert* is entirely a question of adaptability. There are some people who adapt themselves and others who have not yet been able to do so, for they are too tied to structures or rhythms of life which are now bypassed. This is the case with Giuliana . . . If I had chosen a normally adaptable woman, there would not have been any drama."

This can be expanded to say, also, that if he had made the film in black and white, the urgency and immediacy of the neuroticism would have been lessened. The color serves several ends. First, quite simply, it is the best use of color I have ever seen in a film, exquisite in itself. It would be a quite wrong emphasis, but one could say that the film is worth seeing for its color alone. (And also that there is a buried history of modern painting in it,

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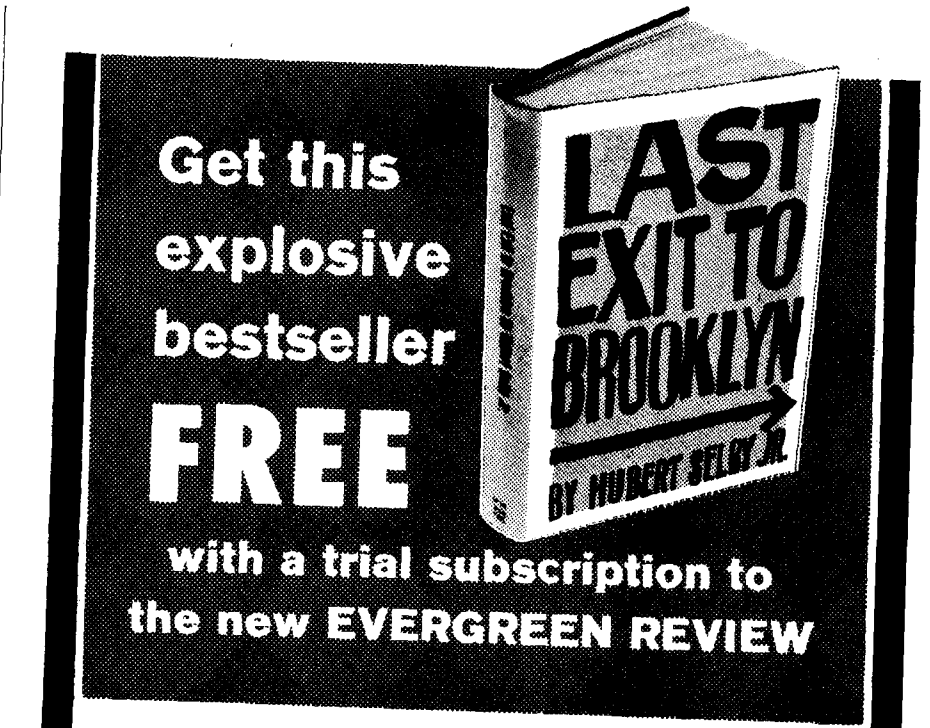
from the Impressionists through Mondrian to Hopper and Wyeth.) Second, the color underscores the color in the new world, a usually disregarded facet. The age of plastic and mold-injection and die-stamp is an age of heightened colors. Third, he has used color subjectively. Antonioni has said that he had an entire marsh painted a certain shade of gray because that is the way Giuliana and Corrado felt when they looked at it. A small room of the seaside shack, where a lot of sexual teasing and talk goes on, is painted a shade of red, off which, so to speak, the talk can rebound. "It is necessary to intervene in a color film," he says, "to take away the usual reality and replace it with the reality of the moment." Yet this subjectivism is gently handled, is complementary, is never carried to musical-comedy lengths. Fourth, color makes the environment a character in the drama. I know of no film in which a greater tension exists between the movement of the story and the places through which it moves.

As the film begins, we hear electronic music; then, over it, a woman's voice vocalizing. It is an apt overture. These juxtaposed elements separate, and we hear the *vocalise* again later, in an interpolated idyl. Giuliana is the exponent and victim of these two themes. She is very much herself, a woman in crisis, but she also has something of the abstracted quality of a masque figure. (Those who have noted that Antonioni builds his films around female characters might also note that he has Monica Vitti to build them around. It is one of those happy occurrences in the performing arts when the advent of the right executant evokes the best work of a creator.) A recurrent method used to open a sequence is a shot of a background in slightly blurred, diffused focus in which Miss Vitti then appears, very close, in sharp focus. Thus the world is made the scenery of her stage, both in the sense of author's use and the sense of Giuliana's own neurotic egocentricity. I would concede, however, that both senses are given a bit too much play; something less of Giuliana's gazing out of windows or backing herself into corners would have heightened the impact of both.

The film is susceptible of much (and for a change) legitimate analysis. Here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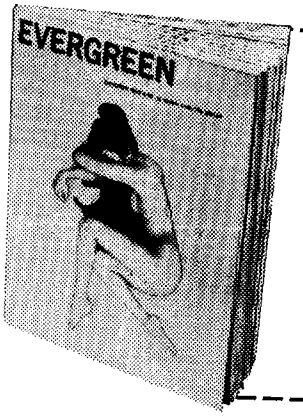

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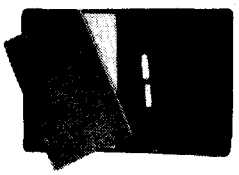

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I can deal with only two moments. The first is a small skillful device. In the opening scene, outside the strike-bound factory, Giuliana, suddenly ravenously hungry, buys a sandwich from a worker who has already taken a bite out of it. Her insistence on buying a sandwich already "begun" is a small arresting gesture, unextravagant, just odd enough to make us wonder about her at once. The episode of the child's paralysis, which turns out to be spurious, is a painful mirror-image of the mother's troubled state. Psychiatrists know that young children apprehend and reflect neurosis in their parents; when a child is disturbed, the physician often asks that the parents (at least the mother) be treated. Suddenly one morning this little boy cannot walk or stand. During this siege, while waiting for the doctor's diagnosis, the mother distracts her son with a story, which we see as she tells it: about a young girl and a lovely, deserted pink beach (the closest we come to a literal substantiation of the film's title). This girl swims in the transparent water in the bright sun, sees birds and rabbits, is alone and happy. One morning she spies a sailing ship, unlike any other that passes by. She swims out to it and finds that, mysteriously, it is unmanned. It turns about and sails away. She swims back to the beach and hears a woman singing (the *vocalise* we heard under the titles of the film). She cannot find the woman. "One mystery is all right, two is too much," says Giuliana. "But who was singing?" asks the boy. Giuliana replies, "Everything. Everyone." The story is finished; and when she returns to his room, a little later, she finds the boy unconcernedly walking about.

The obvious contrast of the idyllic spot with the factory milieu is certainly not the prime point of the episode. (Anyway, whenever Antonioni approaches an obvious point, he always redeems it with a fresh vision.) The episode is a qualified adieu to that girl's world of sailing ships and wilderness and untrammeled freedom: qualified, not because there is the slightest doubt that such a world is almost gone but because it is sheer romanticism to think that such a world was free of mystery, of unanswerable questions. Giuliana says of the ship, "The girl was used to the strangeness of men and she was not surprised." The strangeness of men was and will be – in the natural world, in the machine-monitored world. Thus Giuliana is telling *herself* the story, with that perception of her trouble that neurotics often have rationally as they try to make their way towards health emotionally. In her mind, her best mind, she knows that it is rankly sentimental to think of our times as deterioration.

A personal example: When I walk through the New York neighborhood where I lived as a child and which is now a forbidding canyon of glass-and-steel apartment houses twenty stories high, I am tempted to sigh, until I think that in 2065 men will walk through those streets, then lined with fifty-story buildings, and will yearn for the bygone "human" days of twenty-story buildings.

It is worth noting, for argument, that the Italian press is, to some extent, anti-Antonioni. Some of their critics seem to resent the fact that he is Italian: as if he does not fit their conception of the Italian character, which is not much different from the travel-poster stereotype. After the Venice premiere a Milanese paper predictably referred to *Red Desert* as *"ancora una volta il 'michelangiolesco' giochetto"* – once more the "michelangelesque" little game. (By contrast, and again predictably, some of the French press went to the other extreme and immediately hailed it as an imperishable masterpiece. The film has been a success in Paris.) But if there is anything that this film is not, it is "once more" of anything. The same artist left the same highly personal imprint on it, but it is different both in style and subject from his trilogy.

In style there is small trace in it of the distention of time that was germane to the trilogy, immersion in the extended moment. The handling of scenes is much more theatrically elliptical, and the editing, with rare exceptions, is pared. There are no marked lingerings on scenes, as if the pedal were being held down after the chord was released – a device often, and effectively, used in the trilogy.

As for subject matter, the trilogy was concerned with differing aspects of love, of the possibilities of love, in our world. This film shifts to examine the

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reality of hope: of the prospect of full human life in the midst of whirling changes. We live, as we know, in the age of the swiftest transition in history, and all indications are that the speed of change will increase: in everything from household appliances to concepts in philosophy, the whole architecture of thought. Antonioni seems to be saying, without effervescent cheeriness, that what was valuable can be preserved or can be transmuted to a new viability: that the future may contain new, at present inconceivable values.

His film reaches no grand resolution. The affair with Corrado does not "cure" Giuliana. Her isolated duologue with the Turkish sailor is not a "come-to-realize" scene. There is no guarantee that she is on the Road to Happiness. But she has finally accepted what has been no secret from her all along: that "what happens to you is your life"; and the very story that she herself tells her son evidences that she has within her a treasury of truth on which she may some day have the courage to draw.

There are only three important characters. As Ugo, Carlo Chionetti has the right face and voice; not much more is asked of him. Miss Vitti is, as noted, the perfect Giuliana. She is asked to carry the film and she succeeds. Her vocabulary of uncertainty, in speech and gesture, is rooted in the certainty of her distress, her shame at her distress, her shameless display of it, her anger at the strength of others.

The principal and, to me, only serious flaw in the film is the casting of Richard Harris as Corrado. What he does is suitable enough; he has affecting ease and unexpected gentleness. But (this is a persistent Antonioni habit) what point was there in using a non-Italian who had to be dubbed? (At times rather perceptibly.) In Venice, when Antonioni was asked why he used Harris, he replied wryly that he chose Harris because he was 30. "In Italy we have many actors of 40, like Gassman and Mastroianni, but we don't have any of 30." I took this small joke as an oblique statement of regret. I hope I was right and that the practise can be discontinued.

I have now seen *Red Desert* three times, and each succeeding time it has

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not only seemed shorter, it has given me an increased sense of motion forward: in thematic penetration and artistic refinement. But preeminent in this sense of forward motion is a conviction that, as in his other recent films, Antonioni is not only making art of a high order, he is finding ways to help keep art itself alive. In these days of chance music, action painting and pop art, aesthetic idiocy in prose and poem, monolithic monomania in architecture, in these days when good artists question by act and statement the necessity for art, Antonioni continues to keep the film fresh and relevant: fresh without inane novelty, relevant without facile nostalgic reference. He has often been accused of being literary; if that is an indictment, he has perhaps been guilty but here he is more purely cinematic than ever. There are a few living directors who can be compared with him in level of achievement; there is none who is his peer in shaping the film form itself to the needs of contemporary men.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

RECORDS

Britten and Stravinsky

Benjamin Britten is England's outstandingly gifted composer; but his impressive gifts, as I said on the occasion of the appearance of his *War Requiem*, include an extraordinarily resourceful craftsmanship which, like Bach's, can on occasion operate on its own in a mere going through the motions of creative activity that produces a mere appearance of a musical operation – an appearance of saying something when nothing really is being said. An example of this is the new Symphony for Cello and Orchestra, performed by Britten himself with Rostropovich and the English Chamber Orchestra on London CM-9419 and CS-6419. And there have been examples – notably *The Rape of Lucretia* – among Britten's stage works. But the operatic comedy *Albert Herring*, when I heard it at Tanglewood in 1949, gave me the impression of a work in which Britten had applied himself to the task of real invention for the situations, sometimes with brilliantly successful results. And listening now to the performance of the music on London A-4378 and OSA-1378, I have had this impression confirmed by some of it – by what, for example, Britten invented for Lady Billows's grand announcement to Albert of his election to be King of the May, for the festivities and fun at the coronation party, for the dirge in the last scene. But I have also been aware this time that much of what I have heard is merely what the resourceful craftsman was able to grind out to carry the words and action; that this music has neither expressiveness for the dramatic situation nor attractiveness for itself; and that while one accepts it with the happenings that hold one's attention and interest on the stage it is boring when it is listened to with all one's attention without those happenings. Peter Pears sings the title role in the excellent performance conducted by Britten himself.

Stravinsky's opera, *The Rake's Progress* offers the fascinating play of his mind with the 18th Century styles and forms he used in his setting of the play, in writing that ranges from the brilliant fanfares and processional music, the arias in sustained and often lovely melodic style of the earlier scenes, to the grave and affecting music of the last two. And the performance he conducts on Columbia M3L-310 and M3S-710 amazes one with the characteristic strong clarity and tension, the buoyancy, the exactness that testify to the undiminished alertness and power of his mind and the physical strength it could summon from the by now frail body. I don't know what dissatisfied Stravinsky in the Metropolitan Opera performance of ten years ago that he conducted for Columbia SL-125; and it had one point of enormous superiority over the new one in the more unctuously evil Shadow of Mack Harrell, to say nothing of the splendor of his voice. But John Reardon is very fine in

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the new performances, as are the other principals: Alexander Young as Rakewell, Judith Raskin as Anne, Regina Sarfaty as Baba. And the playing of the Royal Philharmonic and singing of the Sadlers Wells Opera Chorus are excellent. The excessively sharp sound of the mono version can be made agreeable by reducing treble.

The Age of Bel Canto, on London A-4357 and OSA-1257, is an assemblage of arias, duets and trios from 18th and early 19th-Century operas – familiar ones of Handel, Mozart, Weber, Rossini and Donizetti, and unfamiliar ones ranging from Verdi's *Attila* through Bellini's *La Straniera*, Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia* and Boieldieu's *Angela* to Shields's *Rosina*, Bononcini's *Astarte* and Lampugnaini's *Meraspe*. It includes several fine pieces – notably the aria from *Attila*, an example of early Verdian bravura melody – and a number of engaging or at least pleasant ones, with a few that I find uninteresting. Joan Sutherland's singing exhibits its usual inequalities – ranging from the superb performance in *Attila* to the moaning in *La Straniera;* Marilyn Horne's is consistently first-rate; the tenor Richard Conrad's is unattractive in vocal color and unimpressive in musical style. Bonynge conducts the New Symphony in spirited accompaniments.

The beautiful and agile voice of the famous coloratura soprano Tetrazzini is heard on Angel COLH-136 – its agility more accurately than its beauty, to which artificial resonance added in the transfers to the LP record imparts an enhanced glossy glow. The execution of spectacular runs and skips and trills is done with a style that makes it brilliant and exciting; but the deployment of the voice in melody is without a trace of the feeling for the musical phrase that made the singing of other singers like Hempel and Ivogün so distinguished and affecting.

Isaac Stern has a new and excellent performance of Prokofiev's Violin Concerto No. 1 with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy on Columbia ML-6035 and MS-6635. The reverse sides offer the much less interesting Concerto No. 2.

Angel COLH-304 gives us, at long last, the second group of Scarlatti sonatas that Landowska recorded on the harpsichord, in 1939 and 1940. They include one, Longo No. 382, that is especially outstanding, and a number of others – Nos. 449, 213, 20, 14, 418, 461, 255 – that are very fine. Since the Angel record falsifies the sound of the performances with excessive artificial resonance, I advise acquiring them instead on imported Odeon (La Voce del Padrone) QJLP-108.

Some of the harpsichord pieces by Boismortier, François Couperin and Rameau that Igor Kipnis plays on Epic LC-3889 are engaging; and he plays them on his fine-sounding instrument with enlivening sensitiveness.

The magnificent Prelude in E-flat that opens Part 3 of Bach's *Clavieruebung* and the Fugue that closes it, the fine Prelude in Fugue in A minor (BWV 543), and the Preludes and Fugues in C minor (546) and G (541) are on ARC-3207 (mono) of Deutsche Grammophon's Archive series. Walcha's performances on the Schnittger organ of St. Laurenskerk, Alkmaar, are excellent; but the reverberation that clouds most organ recordings causes the strands of the polyphonic textures often not to be heard distinctly.

The superearthly exaltation and illumination that Beethoven communicates in his last period is embodied in one after another of the slow movements of his last quartets – each of them different, unique, the most wonderful of all as one listens to it. For me this happens at the moment to be the elaborate variation movement of Op. 132, which I have listened to as performed by the Juilliard Quartet on RCA Victor LM-

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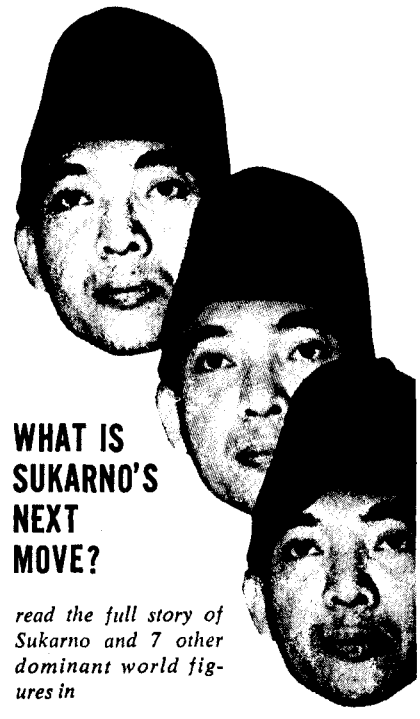

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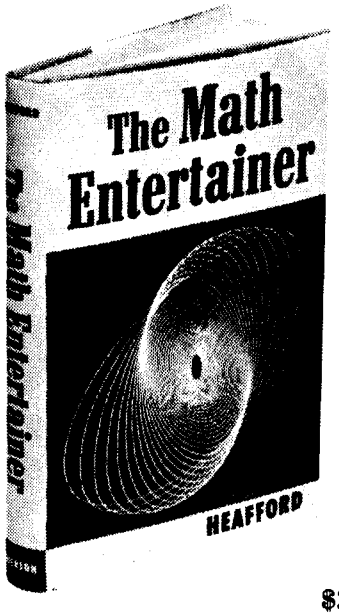

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and LSC-2765. And I am happy to be able to report that the performance is a completely satisfying statement of the work, with the first violin's tone only occasionally disturbing, and then only slightly. B. H. HAGGIN

Correspondence

The Community College

Sirs:

Your altogether worthwhile article by Thomas E. O'Connell on the community college (January 30) will, I think, stand a certain amount of candid amplification beyond the undoubted candor it already possesses. A dozen years of dealing with the kind of students who turn up in community colleges have taught me that deans and other administrative officials of these and similar schools have potent loyalties that need to be discounted. Their students, no matter what kind, are to them . . . their sacred reason for existence, not to be rashly or irreverently criticized. As one of them in a school in Wisconsin said in my hearing, to a group of new faculty, "Always remember that your students come from good Wisconsin families!" What could be more revealing?

I have yet to hear of a college or semi-college so poor in endowment, facilities, or prospects that it did not, nevertheless, try laying claim to some measure of excellence in teaching. This it can usually get away with because there are lacking any objective criteria of teaching; and in addition those about a college who may know differently are not strongly motivated to let on what they know. Hence, the deans and presidents can usually manage to convince themselves of the truth of anything they wish to believe about teaching. They conduct few classes themselves and then usually "honors" or lecture sections in which somebody else does the hard work; the faculty soon learns what a president wants to know and may prefer to keep the unpleasant truths to itself. . . .

Those who really know about teaching are the students; but students, especially the poorer ones and especially those who attend community colleges, tend to prefer certain types of poorer teachers who entertain rather than instruct, who show plenty of films on anything whatever and can find reason to give C's to those who manage to stay awake. It is in fact a truly stupid man who cannot gain a reputation in official quarters as an excellent teacher by a little attention to strategy. By giving very few A's, he can convey to the dean the notion he is "tough," and if he gives similarly very few F's he can keep angry and disturbed parents out of the front office, which is also very gratifying to deans. Ninety percent of a community college student body are still working on their first million and would no more think of striving for a B than would a bat fly around in the daylight.

As fraudulent as anything, likewise, is the claim many colleges make that they give "individual attention." A student who is mature enough to benefit from individual attention can manage to find what he wants; to attempt to provide such attention to most others is simply to advertise that you stand ready and willing to raise their D's to C's in return for a smile, a tear, or a poignant story – and students are not slow to catch on. What a college student needs more than teaching is an opportunity to learn; and here the community college, as Mr. O'Connell himself indicates, operates at several disadvantages. One of them is certainly more significant than he would have us believe, for a college that can offer, at least to its liberal arts and its science faculty, no more than an opportunity to "teach" can attract only the dregs of the professions, no matter what you say. Students old enough to marry and serve in the nation's wars are too old to be taught like children, and all colleges should abandon entirely the notion that they can teach political science or philosophy – though we shall cheerfully agree that beginning Spanish and photoprinting are in a different category.

Some 18- to 20-year-olds are nevertheless too immature for a real college, and it may be that the community college is a better place for them to fool around aimlessly than the pool hall or the drag strip. But we could at least be honest about it and make no claim that the college caused them to mature. *A Professor*
Wisconsin State University

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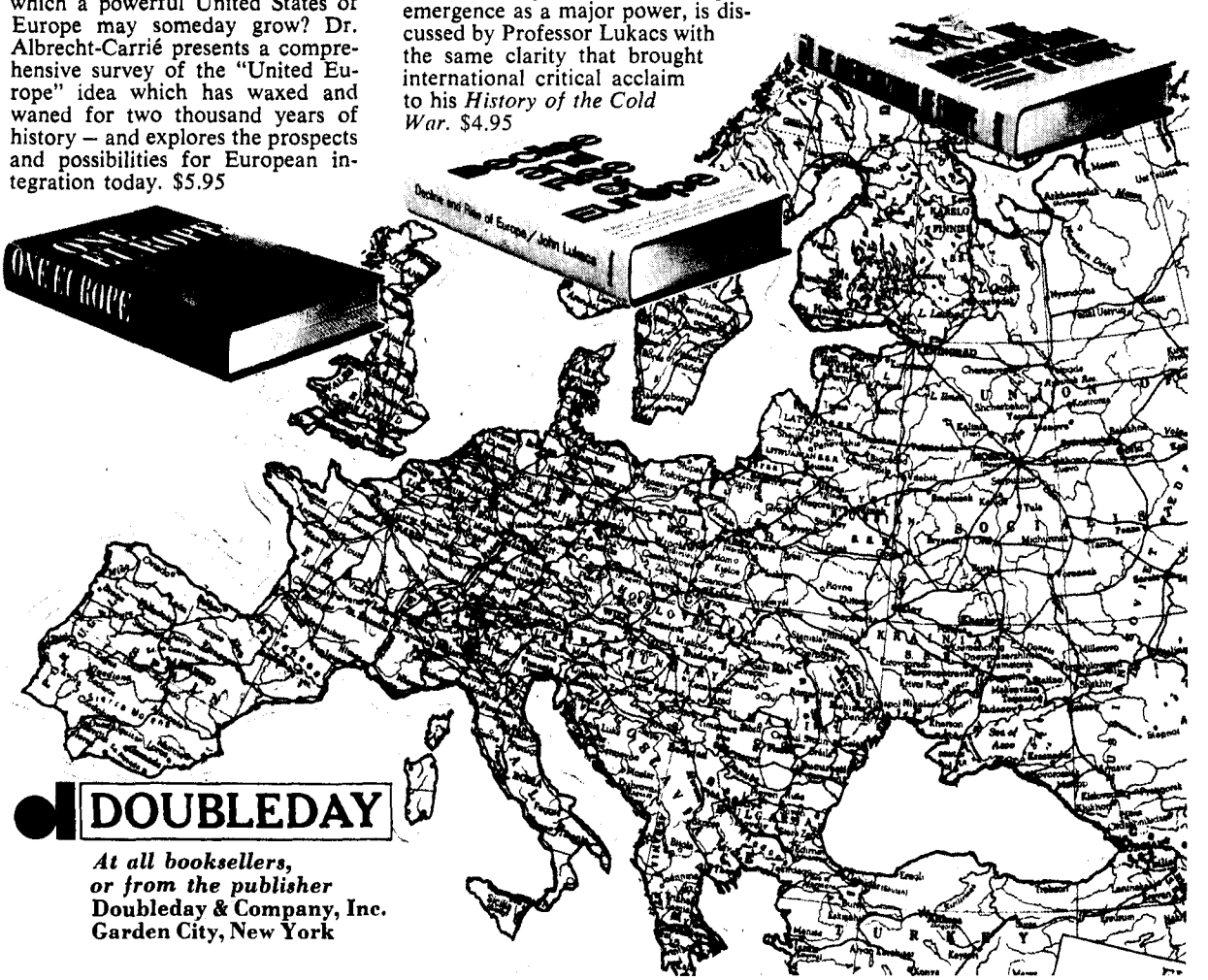

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